CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

DEVOTED TO UNITARIAN CHRISTIANITY, SOUND MORALS, LITERATURE AND NEWS.

VOL. XXIX. "LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE." NO. 40.

DAVID REED, PROPRIETOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1850. WHOLE NO. 1521.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

PUBLISHED BY

DAVID REED,

AT NO. 22 SCHOOL STREET.

J. H. MORISON,
E. PEABODY,
A. P. PEABODY,
F. D. HUNTINGTON. } EDITORS.

☞ All communications, as well as letters of business should be addressed TO THE PUBLISHER.

AN ADDRESS, delivered at the Consecration of the Pine Grove Cemetery, July 24, 1850. By Charles C. Shackford. Lynn: Published by Thomas Herbert.

From this very appropriate and interesting address, we make a few extracts:—

Among the protestant sects, the Moravians have been distinguished for the taste and cheerful feeling manifested in the arrangement of their burial places. It is among them a garden planted with flowers; and upon the head stone is inscribed the motto, "he has gone home." One of their missionaries gives this description of the burial place at a station at the Cape of Good Hope. "A broad path leads in a straight line through our garden into the burying ground; this path is enclosed by rows of trees, and the ground is enclosed by a hedge of roses. All our Hottentots assisted with great willingness in completing this work, and are highly pleased with the appearance of their future resting-place."

But the requirements of health, a more cultivated taste and a more elevated general sentiment, are operating throughout all christian nations, to bring each community to adopt modes and places of sepulture, which shall be conformed to reason and meet the wants of the heart. In 1776, it was forbidden in France any longer to make interments in churches and cities. This prohibition was the cause of tumult in many places, so deeply rooted in the popular feeling was the attachment to the old places of burial. In one parish where the spirit of murmuring and complaint was on the point of breaking out into open rebellion, the curate, a man reverend for his age and virtues, addressed the people thus from his pulpit: "I hear your murmurs, which say, why do they forbid us to mingle our dust with the dust of our fathers? This is the reason, that after your death you shall not cause harm to your children; the object is to do away with an inhuman abuse. What! would you gratify your idle wishes at the price of the life and health of your descendants! You will not, brethren, be buried with your fathers, but you will mingle your ashes with those of your children, your friends and parents who are now living. Those who shall come after us will offer grateful thanks over our graves, as over the grave of benefactors; but if you will not obey thus the dictates of religion and humanity, on the great day of account, I, your father, your brother, your friend, I the minister of mercy will be your first accuser, and the first to call down vengeance on the disobedient." Such exhortations as this, you, fellow-citizens have not needed; but following your own spontaneous impulse, and the example already set before you in so many places of our own country, you have now commenced a new burial place; you have chosen the spot where you and your kindred shall be borne and laid in the quiet grave. Your eyes, the eye of each, will single out that narrow space which will be all remaining to you of this vast material universe, that now seems all too little to satisfy the boundless desires of the spirit craving immortality. One by one, in quick succession, you will be followed here by the long train of mourning friends. Here, as the hot tear of anguish falls upon your coffin, the eye of love shall gaze, for the last time, upon the marble face upturned to heaven, and the eyelids closed forever from the sunlight. Here shall be uttered the last farewell. To some now assembled it will happen, that before they themselves lie down here in the repose of death, they will have brought to this place many an old household companion, many a friend of their youth, many who sat at the same table and were sheltered by the same roof. They will have seen laid side by side the infant, taken away when life was in its first bud, and the tender leaves were folded together—the youth, when the blossom was opening to the light, and the glowing colors were painted on the flower—the man of mature years, when the rich fruit was hanging upon the branches—the hoary head of age, when the withered leaf of autumn, touched by the chill frost, dropped noiselessly away. Here will be a place which they can visit at morn, at evening, or at noon-day; and with this solitude, the deepest and holiest feelings may be fitly associated. The thought of a serene repose here by the side of those with whom we have passed pleasant days in the bright seasons of life, may remove some of the gloomy associations with the grave, and make its contemplation less distasteful to the heart. "I was just thinking," said an eminent divine of Scotland, a little while before his death, "I was just thinking on the pleasant spot of earth I shall get to lie in beside my old friends. I shall come in as the little one among them, and I shall get my pleasant George in my hand, (a child who was gone before him,) and we shall be a knot of bonnie dust."

Here then we shall rest in consecrated ground; not consecrated in the old superstitious sense, for all God's ground is holy, and all watched over by a father's love—but in ground sanctified by the most lasting memories of the heart—removed from uncongenial associations, and surrendered to the harmonies of nature, the sorrows and chastened hopes of humanity; consecrated by dust which has enshrined spirits whom we loved; by the tears of affection, by the frequent footstep of the mourner; consecrated too by art, which shall here seek to join with nature in suitable decorations of this habitation of the dead.

Even now I see in imagination the head-stone and the monument rising in too rapid succession in the valley and on the hill-side, beneath the over-hanging rock, and under the wide-spreading pine. I see the flower, the green shrub, the tree, which has bloomed in the home garden, transplanted here to adorn this more lasting home, giving forth, as is meet, its fragrance and beauty over cherished hillocks of tear-moistened earth. I see the mournful procession coming to intrust to these solitudes the dearest earthly treasures. I behold the form bowed with grief as the step goes back into the yet greater solitude of life, often there turning away from the music and the dance and the bright glare of the passing day, to come up here and muse upon the past and future, repeating in sadness the strain—

> "There is but one place in the world.
> Here, here is all that still remains of him—
> This single spot is the whole earth to me."

I see the weeping eye lifted upwards to the vault of heaven, and as it gazes into that type of the Infinite, beautiful, serene, there comes into the heart a holy calm, and a new revealing of the all-encompassing love of God. And as the summer clouds pass over the bright expanse, causing the shadows to flit by, making the landscape more beautiful, and obscuring only for an instant the serene face of day—the spirit repeats the consoling word, "I hid my face from thee only for a moment, but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee; for the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord, the Redeemer."

Thus is this ground consecrated to tenderest sympathies, to hallowed griefs, to highest hopes. Here shall the wanderer dying in a foreign land turn his thought, and ask to be gathered with his loved ones. He will think upon this calm retreat, this silent shade. He will long to share the same turf with those in whose love he shared in the fresh morning of life. This secluded spot shall be consecrated as the home of the dead, where those who loved in life shall not be severed in death."

MASSACHUSETTS EYE AND EAR INFIRMARY.

We have read with great pleasure Dr. Reynolds's address at the dedication of the new building for this excellent institution, and make from it a few extracts:—

The forcible appeal of that Committee,* whose names were a sufficient guaranty of the merit of its claims, was not immediately productive of any assistance; although of great utility in extending information in regard to the Infirmary, till then almost unknown; and awakening a sympathy in many minds in its favor. From that time, its finances began to improve; and every new want was followed by a corresponding supply; not from any appeal to the public, but from the simple offerings of private charity. In the noiseless pursuit of its work of kindness, a voice was heard. It was the grateful voice of the poor man. It came not to the busy community; but it reached the ear of the poor man's friend. The noble legacy of ten thousand dollars, by Mr. William Payne, was from the recollection, while dying in a foreign land, of a poor dependant, whom he had formerly confided to its care. The five thousand dollars, bequeathed by Mr. John Parker, was the tribute of a generous emotion for the relief of a servant to whom he was attached. The six thousand dollars, willed in the same year by Mr. Daniel Waldo, was the gift of a heart warmed by what his own eyes had seen of an Institution founded on the wants of the poor. The ten thousand dollars, given by Mr. John Bromfield, treasured in long self-denial, was the gift of the poor man's friend, to the Insitution, which, in his wisdom, could best befriend him. The same is true of the valuable legacies of Mr. Todd; the venerable Jeremy Belknap, and his two sisters; and of Mrs. Benjamin Joy, all of whom remembered the poor in their dying hour; and of Mr. Samuel Appleton, whose whole life has been a blessing to the poor. And so of the lamented Gossler, the stranger beloved in our midst; who in his honored walk with the rich, forgot not the poor; and who, in confiding their interests to the wisdom of his friends, Messrs. Joseph Iasigi and Nathaniel Thayer, as they were watching with the devotion of friendship about his dying bed, best subserved them, through this benevolent Institution. These instances, with one exception, are recounted in memory of the dead; but not in forgetfulness of the many still living, whose names are inscribed among the contributors; or of that lady, who, in the evening hour, left a thousand dollars in a nameless note, at the Treasurer's door. She never permitted *us* to know or record her name; but it is written in heaven. If still among the living, she may perhaps learn that the friends of the Institution will ever cherish the memory of her secret kindness.

By the strict economy uniformly exhibited in the expenditure of these slowly accumulating funds,—always keeping within its means, however limited; and never unable to meet its just demands; the Institution, if never rich, has never been poor. In 1827, the annual expenditure was only $473 for the relief of 645 patients. In 1849, it did not exceed $2483 for the treatment of more than 2000 patients. From these two extremes of its first and last year, may be seen the striking disproportion exhibited in every year, between the amount of professional benefit conferred by the Infirmary, and its pecuniary expenditure; and from its present prosperous condition, the wisdom of the early decision of the managers, to preserve it under all circumstances, free from debt. No other charity is capable of effecting the same amount of good, with so small an amount of means. Its whole history has been a singular example of rigid economy and enlarged liberality. During the whole period of its existence, its doors have never been closed upon any applicant, whom it was able to receive; and its last dollar expended for their benefit. In the freeness of its charity, with constantly accumulating means, it has never gathered a surplus fund; and in the steadiness of its economy, it has always been able to meet every just demand. In its present elevated position, with its increased capacity of doing good, it is poorer than at any previous time; more capable of fulfilling the noble work of charity than perhaps any other Institution, it is still itself supported by charity.

*Edward Tuckerman, Esq., Rev. Joseph Tuckerman, Rev. Lyman Beecher, Rev. Daniel Sharp, Rev. Charles Lowell, Rev. Ezra S. Gannett, Benjamin D. Greene, Esq., William B. Reynolds.

THE TRANSCENDENTAL ELEMENT.

But in order to speak wisely, well, and profitably of Transcendentalism, it is necessary to do it justice. We must acknowledge all there is in it that is good and true. It is a certain sense, we are all Transcendentalists. We all acknowledge reason as co-ordinate with revelation, in making known to us the will of God. We all, at least as many as listen to me to-day, confess to the existence of such a thing as natural religion. It is, in fact, the condition and the basis of revealed religion. No mere words could assure us of the existence of a God, were there not a creation and a providence to make him known. The Bible itself has a transcendental element in it. It does not profess to be the only means of knowing God, or of ascertaining his character and will. It makes human reason to be co-ordinate with itself as the means of Divine manifestation. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork. Day unto day, uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge." The Apostle declares,—"For the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead." Our Saviour says,—"Even of yourselves, judge ye not what is right!" The Apostle says in another place,—"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." The definition of a righteous man before God, given in the Old Testament, is, "one that has done that which is lawful and *right*." All this is, to a certain extent, transcendental; that is to say, it appeals to the intuition in man, if there be any such thing as intuition, and makes it of equal authority, as a source of knowledge, and go dance with revelation.

Miracles themselves must be a less and less convincing revelation of God, and proof of his existence and providence, than the grand, the wise, the permanent order and laws of nature which miracles violate. A revelation must be a less manifestation of God's power and wisdom than those faculties, that intellectual and moral constitution, which God has made capable of receiving and comprehending a revelation. It is a much greater work for God to give us being, and a world to live in, than a book to live by. All preaching is, in a certain sense, transcendental. Every preacher speaks, not only from the inspiration of the Bible, but from that inspiration which giveth all men understanding. He seems it his duty to communicate all the moral and religious truth that he knows. He does not stop to inquire whether he derived it from the language of the Scriptures,—from the writings of those men who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost,—or from his own meditations upon them, or from profane literature, or from his own experience. It is sufficient for him that he knows its, or thinks it, to be truth. Every thing that is true and practical is important, let the knowledge of it come from what source it may.

All listeners to preaching are more or less transcendental, for they receive into their minds that which seems to them to be true, making little discrimination between that which the preacher derives from the language of Scripture, and that which he suggests from his own mind. But both preachers and hearers pay this homage to the inspiration of the Scriptures, that they both confess that the most common and universal truths are better expressed in the Scriptures than they are anywhere else.

The hymns that are sung in our churches are transcendental, inasmuch as the sentiments expressed in them, and adopted by the worshipper, are not exclusively derived from the Scriptures, but are derived from the experience, the emotions, and the reflections of Christians of modern times, since the days of miraculous suggestion are passed. But even the history of sacred poetry bears strong testimony to the supernatural character of the New Testament. We see a constant advancement in moral elevation and in doctrinal purity from the first to the present hour. Yet no one will say, that the best of our hymns transcend, or even equal the New Testament. That must have been of supernatural origin which rose so far above the moral level of the world, as it then was, that eighteen hundred years of advancement have not yet lifted up the most exalted minds to the same level, though in the enjoyment of all the influences of the Scriptures themselves, in addition to that inspiration which speaks in every mind and heart.

All interpretation of the Bible is in a measure transcendental. On the strength of that inspiration which giveth all men understanding the expositor of the Scriptures undertakes to say what the words of revelation can and cannot mean. He comes to such a passage as this,—"If any man come unto me, and hate not his father and mother, and wife, and children, and brothers and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple,"—and he decides that the literal meaning cannot be the true meaning. He has such a trust in his own moral sense, that he feels justified in rejecting the literal meaning of Scripture, and in putting a meaning on it which will harmonize with the revelation which God has previously made to every human heart. I have said, that the Bible is transcendental, because it refers to the reasons and moral sense of mankind as co-ordinate with itself, as an expression of the Divine will. It is so for another and stronger reason. Most Christians read the Bible only in translation. Revelation did not form and give meaning to the words in which a common Christian reads the Bible. Those words were formed by the reason, the moral sense, and the religious convictions of uninspired men, and can express the meaning of revelation only so far as they are coincident with it. The language in which the New Testament was written was formed by half-civilized men on the islands and the shores of Greece, and yet all the sublime teachings of Christ are conveyed to us in the words invented beyond the reach of supernatural illumination. This fact alone is sufficient demonstration that natural revelation is coincident with supernatural, as far as it goes, and that what is called revelation consists in a higher developement, a clearer statement, and an authoritative promulgation, of those truths of which all mankind have an imperfect apprehension, and a conviction clouded by more or less doubt.

But having made these concessions to the Transcendentalist, here I stop. I cannot go on with him to assert, that the unaided powers of man produced the Bible just as it is. I refuse to adopt this hygothesis, because in my judgment the Bible transcends Transcendentalism itself. It is admitted that Christ taught the absolute religion. Is not this a transcendental fact? Does it not go beyond all the recorded achievements of unaided humanity? This is acknowledged on all hands. How are we to account for it? Christ himself, who must have known the facts of the case, declares that he was supernaturally aided by God. "My doctrine is not mine, but his that sent me." "For I have not spoken of myself, but the Father which sent me, he gave a commandment what I should say, and what I should speak." In a solemn prayer to God he said,—"I have given them the words which thou gavest me." Here is certainly an adequate cause assigned, by him who best knew, of the transcendent wisdom of the Saviour. There is certainly nothing absurd, nothing contradictory, and to my mind, nothing irrational, in the account which Jesus gives of the source of his doctrines.

All knowledge comes ultimately from God. Every operation of our minds is superintended by him. His omnipresent energy sustains the power of thought each moment. Our minds are as accessible to his immediate action, as they are to that which he exercises through second causes. If God exists, and has knowledge and a will, it is as easy for him to communicate to the mind a certain knowledge of his existence, his will and purposes to man, as to give us a certain knowledge of each other through the senses. He may make that which is to us now *faith* to become *certain knowledge*. And this is precisely the knowledge which Christ professed miraculously to possess. "We speak that *we do know*, and testify that we have seen." "The only-begotten Son, who is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him." Christ's whole conduct was in keeping with this profession. He assumed and sustained the bearing and dignity of an especial messenger from God, the authorized teacher of mankind. If we may believe Christ's assertion, that which to us seems *probable* to him was *certain*. There is no way, that I can see, in which he can be brought down to our level, but by impeaching his veracity, or denying his wisdom, or casting doubt on the historic verity of his life. There is no way of exalting us to a level with him, without bridging over the chasm which in our minds separates the *probable* from the *certain*. There is no phraseology of intuitions, or the absolute, or any other metaphysical mysticism, of which such a bridge can be constructed.

The great question between the Transcendentalist and the Supernaturalist, the Deist and the Christian, is this:—Did Jesus know anything of God and of the realities of the spiritual world, in a sense which made them absolutely certain, or are his sayings mere probabilities, and of course only his *opinions*? In the one case, we have *doctrines* to be taught upon authority, and in the other, only mere *speculations*, to be accepted or rejected as each one sees fit.

Is there anything then, in Transcendentalism so exceedingly dangerous, that the Christian minister is to be deterred by it from the study of the Bible? I, for one, think its danger has been greatly overrated. It has not in this country as yet obtained a logical statement, much less a logical defence. It has not as yet solved its first problem. It professes to discard the miraculous from the New Testament as unhistoric, yet receives much of it as true and authentic. In order to define its position, and have a distinct, substantive existence, it must carry out its analysis, and tell us what we are to accept and what we are to reject. It must give us an expurgated Gospel, or the Gospel according to Transcendentalism. Thomas Jefferson proposed this work to himself, to "sift apart," to use his phraseology, the historic from the unhistoric parts of the New Testament, as an employment for some of his leisure hours. He afterwards had abundance of leisure, but the thing was never done. Strauss attempted this feat in Germany, but his work by all parties was acknowledged to be a failure. In this country, as yet, we have had no clear statement of the Transcendental hypothesis, no reasing about it, but merely a rhapsodical declamation here and there, about as conclusive as Burke's ironical argument against all the institutions of civil society. Some few have been blinded for a while by a cloudy mysticism, or dazzled by a brilliant rhetoric, into an admiration for they could no tell exactly what; but most of them have been brought to their senses again by the calm, deep wisdom, the stainless integrity, the tender love, the unaffected piety, and the awful majesty of Jesus Nazareth.

Hitherto the blows of Transcendentalism have told, not on Christianiy, but on Protestantism. Deism can sustain no church. It never built a church, and never can. It requires faith to build churches. If it could get possession of all Protestant churches to-morrow, it would only be to hand them over to the Church of Rome, and make her the grave, as she has been the womb, of all Protestant denominations.

But is Transcendentalism an unmixed evil? Is it merely destructive in its tendencies? Has it no mission for good in the arrangements of Providence? I may be, I believe, under wise management, made to exert a corrective and conservative influence upon Christianity and the Church. Being itself an extravagance, it may operate to correct an opposite extravagance, which has been too prevalent in the Christian world,—an idolatry of the Bible and a contempt for man. For certainly there is a wide difference between believing that man made the Bible, and that the Bible is necessary to create man. It is equally extravagant to maintain that there is nothing divine in man, and to maintain that there is nothing human in the Bible. Equal mischief follows from making too much or too little of the Scriptures, and it is as fatal to religion and morality to make man a deity as a devil. The truth must lie between these two extremes, and perhaps it is necessary for the human mind to vibrate like a pendulum between the two for a while before it will settle in the truth. If the two extremes could be brought to discuss the subject calmly and dispassionately together, they might mutually correct each other's errors, and the world be edified by the controversy. This, however, in the present state of feeling cannot be, and the task of reconciliation falls on us, who imagine that we occupy the true and middle ground.—[Christian Examiner.

HAVE A PLACE FOR PRAYER.

We do not need to enter the closet to find the Lord. He is ever near to us. But we enter in order to escape distractions, and in order to regain those associations, and, it may be, to surround ourselves with those mementos, which we formerly found helped to our prayers. One who has great powers of abstraction may take refuge from surrounding bustle in the depths of his own spirit, and pass along the crowded streets in the perpetual hermitage of his own self-seclusion, undiverted and undistracted by all that is whirling round him. But few have this talent of inward sequestration—this power to make a closet of themselves, and, in order to find for their thoughts a peaceful sanctuary, they must find for their persons a tranquil asylum. It little matters where or what it is, Isaac went out into the field, and Jacob piled his night-long prayer beside the running brook. Abraham planted a grove, and, in the cool shadow of his oaks, at Beersheba, he called on the name of the Lord. Abraham's servant knelt down beside his camel; and it would appear from some of his psalms, that a cave, a mountain fastness, or cavern in the rocks, was David's frequent oratory. Peter had chosen for his place of prayer the quiet and airy roof of his seaside lodging, when the messengers of Cornelius found him. It would seem that the open air—the noiseless amplitude of the "solitary place"—the hill-side, with the stars above, and the shadowy world below—the fragrant stillness of the garden when evening had dismissed the laborers, were where the Man of sorrows loved to pray.

It was in the old church of Ayr that John Welsh was wont, all alone, to wrestle with the angel of covenant; and we have stood in the wild rock-cleft where Pedent found frequent refuge from his persecutors, and whence he caused his cry to ascend "unto the Lord most high." It does not need four walls and a shut door to make a place of prayer. Retirement, and silence, and a sequestered spirit will create it anywhere. By the shore of the sounding sea—in the depths of the forest—in the remoteness of the green and sunny upland, or the balmy peacefulness of the garden bower—nay, midst the dust of the dingy ware-room, or the cobwebs of the owlet haunted barn, in the jolting corner of the crowded stage, or the unnoticed nook of the traveller's room, you have only to shut your eyes, and seclude your spirit and you have created a closet there. It is a closet wherever the soul finds itself alone with God.

DEPARTING FRIENDS.

"Friend after friend departs,
Who hath not lost a friend"

There are few things in this world which a man cannot better afford to lose than a true and sincere friend. It is a loss which can never be repaired. Other losses may be made good; but when a friend departs, one in whose sympathies and affections we held a large and sacred place, one who knew our thoughts, and was conversant with our past history, when such an one goes, to return no more, it is as if a portion of our own life was cut off, and departed with him. We live in our friends. They are the sacred repository of much that most intimately concerns us. They carry with them when they go hence a part, as it were, of our own existence. Other friends may arise to brighten and cheer our future hours, but the past is with the departed ones who will come back no more. They have been associated as no others ever can be with the scenes of our former history; have shared our joys, have rejoiced in our successes, have known our conflicts, have felt our sorrows They are our unwritten biographies. When they go hence, much of our own existence goes with them. A chapter in our own lives is finished when the grave closes over one who has borne a part with us in the vicissitudes of the past.

It is this which makes the loss of a friend so sad an event to a sensitive and reflecting mind. Nor can the world or human philosophy offer any consolation which is sufficient to set aside the force and heavy pressing weight of these sad thoughts, or make good the loss of which we are painfully conscious as we turn from the grave of one whom we have loved, and with whom lies buried so large a portion as it were of our own life.

There is only one source of consolation which is fully adequate to meet the exigence of such a sorrow and such a loss. If our departing friends are Christ's disciples, they have left us only to be with him, and in that case their gain infinitely outweighs our loss. They have gone to be at rest in the home of the blessed. They have gone to be with him whom they loved, and whose presence with them in their cares and duties, their trials and their fears—a presence to the eye invisible, indeed, but felt and known—was their chief joy on the earth. They have gone to dwell with him, to see his glory, to enjoy his constant presence, and to be like him, for they see him as he is. They are redeemed from among men; they are without spot before the throne; a white robe is given unto them, and a new name; theirs is the bright and morning star. They sin no more; they sorrow no more; they follow the Lamb withersoever he goeth. With the multitude that no man can number they stand before the throne of God, and serve him day and night.

What a glorious life, what a sublime existence, is that upon which they have entered. How little to them must now appear the sorrows and trials, the conflicts and cares and toils of this their former existence—passed, forever passed are these, like a cloud whose dark and threatening form has swept across the sky and vanished forever, to be remembered only as a dream. Truly if such is the state of those whom we have loved on the earth, and who have gone before us to their eternal rest, we have little reason to mourn their departure.

How sweet, how rich, how full of heavenly significance, when viewed in this connection, that last prayer of our Saviour for his disciples, and for all who should believe on him through their word. "Father, I will that they also whom though hast given me, *be with me where I am*, that they may behold the glory which thou hast given me." A prayer which is answered whenever the believer in Jesus bids adieu to this sad earth, this weary, sinful life, and goes home to his rest, his companions, and his God. "And I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps. And they sang as it were a new song before the throne." Blest company! Blest employment! Harpers harping with their harps! we will not interrupt their divine melody. We will not mourn their absence. Harp on, ye whom we have loved and do still love, with whom in sorrow and gladness, we have shared for a time the lot of earthly life, with whose tears ours have mingled, and with whose songs ours have arisen; a higher life is yours, a holier friendship and society, and a new song which only they can sing who have obtained the victory and received the crown! Harp on, blessed ones, to the praise of Him who hath redeemed you. [Congregationalist.

Give Every Day.

Let us give something every day.
For one another's weal;
A word, to make the gloomy gay,
Or the crushed spirit heal;
A look, that to the heart will speak,
Of him that's poor and old,
A tear for her, o'er whose wan cheek
Full many a stream has rolled.

The objects of our love and care,
In every path we see—
And when they ask a simple prayer,
Oh, shall we selfish be,
And turn away with haughty thrust,
As if the God above,
Were partial to our pampered dust,
And only us did love?

Let us give something every day,
To comfort and to cheer,
'T is not for gold alone they pray,
Whose cries fall on the ear;
They ask for kindness in our speech—
A tenderness of heart—
That to the innocent soul will reach,
And warmth and life impart.

We all can give—the poor—the weak,
And be an angel guest;
How small a thing—to smile—to speak,
And make the wretched blest!
These favors let us all bestow,
And scatter joy abroad,
And make the vales of sorrow glow
With the sweet smiles of God!

[Selected.

PULPIT EARNESTNESS.

It is recorded of the devoted John Welch that he used to keep a plaid upon his bed, that he might wrap himself in it when he rose during the night for prayer. Sometimes his wife found him upon the ground weeping. When she complained, he would say, "Oh, woman! I have the souls of three thousand to answer for, and I know not how it is with many of them." Possessed of such a sense of responsibility to God and to the people of his charge, how can any true minister of the cross withhold himself from an earnest devotion to his work of arousing souls, and pointing them to Christ! He feels his momentous responsibility during the week, while preparing the beaten oil for the sanctuary. It is ever with him. It haunts him in the silent watches of the night. It absorbs his thoughts; and speaks out in every fervid utterance of his closet.

But it is in the *pulpit* that the earnest ambassador for Christ feels the long-suppressed solicitude break forth in an overflow of fervid and pathetic expostulations. Whatever is most powerful in argument, or most winning in entreaty, or most thrilling in appeal, he seizes upon and appropriates to his mighty theme. He pleads; he warns; he invites; he points, now to the yawning pit, red with the fires of perdition, and now to the cross, streaming with a Saviour's blood. The very grandeur of his theme *possesses* him. It leads him away from the influence of time and sense about him. For the time being he is no longer in this world. He is surrounded by other and mightier auditors. The light of eternity plays about him, and reveals the tremendous pomp of the judgment scene. To his eye the awful consummation has already appeared. The Judge is descending. The books are opening. The heavens are passing away with a great noise. The angels are separating the vast multitudes to the right hand and to the left hand of the Judge, and among them he sees his own hearers! Some of them are crowned with the unfading crown; and some of them—appalling sight!—are driven out wailing to the gates of despair!

With such a spectacle before him, with the shrieks of his perishing neighbors ringing in his very ears, can any appeal be too importunate, can any entreaty be too earnest! Is it any marvel that he is ready to throw himself across the pathway of the sinner, and entreat him not to commit the eternal suicide! Even if his overwhelming solicitude moves him to tears, he feels that it is better for him to weep here than for his hearers to weep in hell.

It was with emotions akin to those which I have been attempting to describe, that the great apostle set before the trembling Felix the realities of a coming judgment, and startled the proud Agrippa on his marble throne. It was with such emotions that the fervid Whitefield was borne on in his impassioned oratory until his auditors became as dead men beneath his feet. Such was the intense agony of Bunyan, when he "went to his people in chains to preach to them in chains; and carried that fire in his conscience which he persuaded them to beware of." So felt the holy Rutherford when he said to his flock, "My witness is above, that *your* heaven would be two heavens to me; and the salvation of each of you as *two salvations* to me." Radiant will be the crown of such a minister of Christ amid the glories of paradise; it will be all on fire with blazing stars. [T. L. Cuyler.

THE SCHOLAR'S DUTY. A duty is some act that we are bound by the laws of God, or man, to perform. Our most important duties are those which we owe to God. We often hear ministers urging their people to be faithful in duty. A person is faithful, when he willingly does that which he knows he ought to do, for the sake of doing right. Sometimes we have unpleasant duties; if we are resolved to be faithful, we shall have strength to perform them.

There are a few things that appear to be very plain duties for every child who attends the Sunday School. They are these. Every scholar should endeavor to be constant, punctual, and orderly. They should never be absent, except for a good reason; and never should they be tardy except for the best of reasons, but always be in their places before the exercises of the school commence. And they should always be careful to have their lessons perfectly learned, and not think of going to the Sunday school with a badly learned lesson any more than to the week-day school. And scholars should never have any thing like sport in school. It is very painful to see children appear as if they had forgotten the day and purpose for which they had met, and also their kind Father who has said, "Rember the Sabbath day and keep it holy.

L. M.

How pleasant on the Sabbath day,
To meet our teachers kind,
May we remember all they say,
And learn with willing mind.

[S. S. Gazette.

THE BIBLE. Children, do you love the Bible! Remember this is a question of *vital* moment.—You cannot love Christ without love to the Bible—you cannot delight in prayer without delight in the Scriptures—you cannot value holiness unless you value the word of God—you cannot be prepared for heaven, unless you bind the gospel to your hearts. How ardently we long that *every* Sabbath School child, and especially every *elder* scholar, may daily consult, highly value, and supremely love the Bible!

I AM NEVER ALONE.

An old man sat in his easy chair. He was alone. His eyes were so dim that he could not read the printed page—he had long ceased to hear any common sound, and it was only in broken whispers that he could hold communion with those around, and often hours passed by in which the silence of his thoughts was not broken by an outward voice. He had outlived his generation;—one by one the companions of his boyhood and youth had been laid in the grave, until none remained of all those he had once known and loved. To those to whom the future is one bright path of hope, and happiness, and social love, how unenviable seemed his condition—how cheerless his days!

I have said he was alone. A gentle and thoughtful child stole into his silent room, and twined her arm lovingly around his neck. 'I feared you would be lonely, dear grandfather,' said she, 'and so I came to sit awhile with you. Are you not very lonely here, with no one to speak to, or to love?' The old man paused for a moment, and laid his hand upon the head of the gentle child. 'I am never alone, my child,' he said. 'How can I be lonely? for God is with me; the Comforter comes from the Father to dwell in my soul, and my Saviour is ever near to cheer and instruct me. I sit at His feet, and learn of Him; and though pain and sickness often warn me that this earthly house of my tabernacle is soon to be dissolved, I know that there is prepared for me a mansion, the glories of which no tongue can tell, no heart conceive. The love of God is like living water to my soul. Seek in your youth this fountain, my child. Drink deep of its living waters; and when your hair shall be whitened for the grave, when all sources of earthly enjoyment are taken away, you too, can say, I am never alone.'

Let this testimony of an aged and devoted servant of Christ sink deep into the heart of every child who reads these lines. Seek while in youth the source of that consolation which can be your joy in sickness, in trial and in solitude—your stay when all earthly helps have failed. Then will it be your blessed privilege to say, 'I too, am never alone.' [Christian Citizen.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. No. 329 contains, among other things, an article on Condorcet, from the old *Quarterly Review*, and an original and quite enthusiastic account of the Euharmonic Organ, from the chaste pen of the Hon. Samuel A. Eliot, the new member of Congress from Boston. Mr. E. says that the desideratum has at length been accomplished, of so adjusting the mechanical apparatus of a musical instrument, as to produce the precise principle which can be applied indefinitely, without risk of failure.

"An organ has been constructed with five stops, and furnished with the requisite number of pipes to give perfectly the chords in all music written in eleven different keys, viz., in the natural key, and in any key of not more than five sharps, or five flats. Music in six, or seven, or more of either flats or sharps, cannot be performed with exactness on this instrument. To the extent named it is mathematically exact; the harmony it produces is true, and the effect on the ear singularly delightful. It is a new revelation to most people of the pleasure of harmony. That which the composer hears only with the theoretical, the seraphic, ear of his mind—but which he knows he ought to do, for the sake of doing right. Sometimes we have unpleasant duties; if we are resolved to be faithful, we shall have strength to perform them.

There are a few things that appear to be very plain duties for every child who attends the Sunday School. They are these. Every scholar should endeavor to be constant, punctual, and orderly. They should never be absent, except for a good reason; and never should they be tardy except for the best of reasons, but always be in their places before the exercises of the school commence. And they should always be careful to have their lessons perfectly learned, and not think of going to the Sunday school with a badly learned lesson any more than to the week-day school. And scholars should never have any thing like sport in school. It is very painful to see children appear as if they had forgotten the day and purpose for which they had met, and also their kind Father who has said, "Rember the Sabbath day and keep it holy.

L. M.

How pleasant on the Sabbath day,
To meet our teachers kind,
May we remember all they say,
And learn with willing mind.

[S. S. Gazette.

THE BIBLE. Children, do you love the Bible! Remember this is a question of *vital* moment.—You cannot love Christ without love to the Bible—you cannot delight in prayer without delight in the Scriptures—you cannot value holiness unless you value the word of God—you cannot be prepared for heaven, unless you bind the gospel to your hearts. How ardently we long that *every* Sabbath School child, and especially every *elder* scholar, may daily consult, highly value, and supremely love the Bible!

I AM NEVER ALONE.

An old man sat in his easy chair. He was alone. His eyes were so dim that he could not read the printed page—he had long ceased to hear any common sound, and it was only in broken whispers that he could hold communion with those around, and often hours passed by in which the silence of his thoughts was not broken by an outward voice. He had outlived his generation;—one by one the companions of his boyhood and youth had been laid in the grave, until none remained of all those he had once known and loved. To those to whom the future is one bright path of hope, and happiness, and social love, how unenviable seemed his condition—how cheerless his days!

I have said he was alone. A gentle and thoughtful child stole into his silent room, and twined her arm lovingly around his neck. 'I feared you would be lonely, dear grandfather,' said she, 'and so I came to sit awhile with you. Are you not very lonely here, with no one to speak to, or to love?' The old man paused for a moment, and laid his hand upon the head of the gentle child. 'I am never alone, my child,' he said. 'How can I be lonely? for God is with me; the Comforter comes from the Father to dwell in my soul, and my Saviour is ever near to cheer and instruct me. I sit at His feet, and learn of Him; and though pain and sickness often warn me that this earthly house of my tabernacle is soon to be dissolved, I know that there is prepared for me a mansion, the glories of which no tongue can tell, no heart conceive. The love of God is like living water to my soul. Seek in your youth this fountain, my child. Drink deep of its living waters; and when your hair shall be whitened for the grave, when all sources of earthly enjoyment are taken away, you too, can say, I am never alone.'

Let this testimony of an aged and devoted servant of Christ sink deep into the heart of every child who reads these lines. Seek while in youth the source of that consolation which can be your joy in sickness, in trial and in solitude—your stay when all earthly helps have failed. Then will it be your blessed privilege to say, 'I too, am never alone.' [Christian Citizen.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. No. 329 contains, among other things, an article on Condorcet, from the old *Quarterly Review*, and an original and quite enthusiastic account of the Euharmonic Organ, from the chaste pen of the Hon. Samuel A. Eliot, the new member of Congress from Boston. Mr. E. says that the desideratum has at length been accomplished, of so adjusting the mechanical apparatus of a musical instrument, as to produce the precise principle which can be applied indefinitely, without risk of failure.

"An organ has been constructed with five stops, and furnished with the requisite number of pipes to give perfectly the chords in all music written in eleven different keys, viz., in the natural key, and in any key of not more than five sharps, or five flats. Music in six, or seven, or more of either flats or sharps, cannot be performed with exactness on this instrument. To the extent named it is mathematically exact; the harmony it produces is true, and the effect on the ear singularly delightful. It is a new revelation to most people of the pleasure of harmony. That which the composer hears only with the theoretical, the seraphic, ear of his mind—but which he knows he ought to do, for the sake of doing right. Sometimes we have unpleasant duties; if we are resolved to be faithful, we shall have strength to perform them.

There are a few things that appear to be very plain duties for every child who attends the Sunday School. They are these. Every scholar should endeavor to be constant, punctual, and orderly. They should never be absent, except for a good reason; and never should they be tardy except for the best of reasons, but always be in their places before the exercises of the school commence. And they should always be careful to have their lessons perfectly learned, and not think of going to the Sunday school with a badly learned lesson any more than to the week-day school. And scholars should never have any thing like sport in school. It is very painful to see children appear as if they had forgotten the day and purpose for which they had met, and also their kind Father who has said, "Rember the Sabbath day and keep it holy.

L. M.

How pleasant on the Sabbath day,
To meet our teachers kind,
May we remember all they say,
And learn with willing mind.

[S. S. Gazette.

THE BIBLE. Children, do you love the Bible! Remember this is a question of *vital* moment.—You cannot love Christ without love to the Bible—you cannot delight in prayer without delight in the Scriptures—you cannot value holiness unless you value the word of God—you cannot be prepared for heaven, unless you bind the gospel to your hearts. How ardently we long that *every* Sabbath School child, and especially every *elder* scholar, may daily consult, highly value, and supremely love the Bible!

I AM NEVER ALONE.

An old man sat in his easy chair. He was alone. His eyes were so dim that he could not read the printed page—he had long ceased to hear any common sound, and it was only in broken whispers that he could hold communion with those around, and often hours passed by in which the silence of his thoughts was not

Many, who afterwards became distinguished in church, and in state, at the bar, in the medical profession, in the pulpit, and in the councils of the nation, were fitted for college at this venerable institution. Others, who have been ornaments in the several spheres, in which they moved, consummated their education here.

Boston is largely indebted to this town, and to this seminary, for some of her most honored citizens. For want of time, I can name but few. The Appletons are as well known in our city for their munificence, as was the Man of Ross in England for his generous deeds. To recount their charities would be to transcribe a page from almost every philanthropic society in the metropolis of New England. As the elder Appleton is not present, I trust I shall not be wanting in delicacy to my venerable friend, if I narrate an interview I had with him, after he had met with an accident which deprived him of the support of his nether limbs. On my expressing my regret at his misfortune, he replied, "As I have had the use of these legs for eighty years, why should I complain, that I can use them no longer!" This is philosophy baptized into Christianity. If it is not, I must confess, that I am ignorant of philosophy and of Christianity too.

Other distinguished citizens of Boston had their origin in this town. I will not cause a blush on their manly cheeks, by calling them by name. I rejoice at seeing so many alumni of the academy and natives of this place now before me.—Though their names may not be written in the book of Kings, their deeds will be recorded in the first book of the Chronicles of the times.

To revert once more to the Academy, my earliest Alma Mater:—she has well discharged the office and the duties of a normal school, by educating teachers for our primary and district schools. I was initiated into the mysteries of my mother tongue by a lady, who was educated at this seminary.—Bingham's Ladies' Accidence was the first English classic which I studied, and "love" was the first verb which I learned to conjugate. Paradoxical as it may seem, though by the aid of this excellect instructress I could conjugate the verb to love through all the moods, tenses, numbers and persons, I could never yet learn to decline it. Thanks to this kind lady, her instructions have sunk so deep into my heart that I always have loved, I still do love, and I trust by the blessing of Heaven I always shall and will love, as long as I may live, all good persons and good things, my excellent and amiable school-misstress certainly not excepted.

A little more autobiography, and I shall have done in regard to myself. During my short academic course, I was favored with the instruction of two excellent men, the late Rev. Dr. Worcester of Salem, and the late Rev. Mr. Palmer of Townsend. Though their temperaments and style of manners were widely different, the one being grave, and the other gay, they were, each in his own way, good instructers, as well as respectable divines, and true-hearted men. The former was distinguished in his profession. The solemn notes of the one, and the merry tones of the other, are still audible to memory's ear. Various are the methods of accomplishing the same object. Both frowns and smiles have a beneficent agency in the education of the young. We may be reasoned into regret, or laughed into shame, for our short-comings in duty. Thanks then to these, who have made us better scholars, and better men, either by jokes or reproofs; by smiles or tears. The cheerful Christian cannot say to the solemn one, I have no need of thee; neither can the solemn Christian say to the cheerful one, I have no need of thee. Both may be equally good pillars in the temple of our Lord.

I have intimated in my remarks, that many New Ipswich men have found pleasant and profitable homes in Boston. I will now add, that some of those ladies, who are now the pride and the ornament of our city parlors, and social circles, as well as efficient agents in our eleemosynary, and benevolent institutions, were born and reared in the farm-houses of New England. New Ipswich is well represented in this goodly society of elect ladies.

I am happy to say, that the advantage is not on one side only. Some of our city born and city educated females have exchanged the delicate employments of the needle and pencil, for the more active labors of the farm-house and the dairy, to the manifest improvement of their health, and to the increased thrift of their loving lords and husbands.

As we are subject to the same material laws as the other, though inferior members of the animal kingdom, I verily believe, such unions as these would vastly improve the intellectual and moral, as well as the physical condition of the community. Should an opportunity present, I hope some of my fair hearers may be induced to exchange their country homes for city ones, by accepting such offers as I have alluded to. Should any of you, in this way come to reside in Boston, (I assure you it is a glorious place to live in,) I venture to promise you, in the name of our city, our protection and blessing. I furthermore engage, we will not abandon these our wards, for the gold diggings of California. We will never go in quest of silver and gold abroad, while such rubies and diamonds demand our care, regard and safe-keeping at home.

I cannot close my remarks, before expressing my thanks to the committee, to whom we are indebted for the admirable arrangements of this repast. On festal occasions, which I have attended in bygone days, there was always a plenty of gentlemen, an abundance of alcoholic spirits, and of creature comforts, as they are called, but a great lack of ladies. The present occasion presents a pleasing contrast to former times. No wine or alcoholic spirits crowning the table, but instead thereof a goodly number of our fair sisters, encircling this well spread festive board. I repeat it, thanks to your committee, who have exorcised evil spirits, and introduced good ones in their place.

I will close with a sentiment:

The Natives of New Ipswich; the Alumni, and the present pupils of the Academy: May the sons prove worthy of their sires.

To be Happy. It is hard to form a true estimate of any man's happiness; because happiness depends most upon those things, which lie most out of sight. Those joys, like those sorrows, are most real, deep and strong, which run on in a silent stream without making any noise; such are the joys, which arise from easy reflections, moderate desires, and calm content.

We see the false glare of greatness, which surrounds some men, and are apt to gaze at it with a foolish face of wonder. But we see not those miseries, which sometimes lurk beneath these pompous appearances.

What avails all pomp and parade for life, which appears broad; if when we shift the gaudy flattering scenes, the man is unhappy, where happiness, like charity, must begin at home! Whatever ingredients of bliss, Providence may have poured into his cup, domestic misfortunes will render the whole composition distasteful. Fortune and happiness are two very distinct ideas; however some, who have a false idea of life and a wrongness of thinking, may confound them.'

For better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox, and hatred therewith. That is, it is better to have peace without plenty, than plenty without peace. That where there is but a slender subsistence, yet an uninterrupted interchange of mutual endearments, among those of the same family, imparts a more solid satisfaction than to fare sumptuously every day, or to live in great and pompous buildings,

---

Diving Birds. The following curious item in natural history, is from Miss Cooper's "Rural Hours." We were not aware before that any water-fowl ever dive to such a depth, and should be inclined to set the following down as a "fish story," were it not from so respectable a source:

"Not long since we saw one of these birds, (loons,) of unusual size, weighing nineteen pounds; it had been caught in Seneca Lake on the hook of what fishermen call set-line, dropped to the depth of ninety-five feet, the bird having dived that distance to reach the bait. Several others have been caught in the same manner in Seneca Lake upon lines sunk from eighty to one hundred feet. It may be doubted if any other feathered thing goes so far beneath the water."

Reading. Three very excellent things, and of great utility, are reading, conversation, and reflection. By reading we treat with the dead, by conversation, with the living, and by reflection with ourselves. Reading enriches the memory, conversation polishes the mind, and reflections the judgment.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

Boston, Saturday, October 5, 1850.

IMPROVEMENTS IN COLLEGE EDUCATION.

We have watched with great interest the efforts which have been making by the able and accomplished President of Brown University for an improved system of College Education. Some months since we laid before our readers the principal features of the change which he would introduce, with an expression of our earnest desire that he might have an opportunity to try the experiment, and thus ascertain whether at least some important modifications might not be adopted with advantage to the community at large, and without injury to those who under the present systems are in quest of the highest and most liberal education. We are happy to state, that the munificent sum of one hundred and twenty-five dollars has been raised and that the laws and regulations of the University have been changed, to meet Dr. Wayland's views.

The following courses of instruction are now to be given:

"1. A course of instruction in the Latin Language and Literature.

2. A course of instruction in the Greek Language and Literature.

3. A course of instruction in Modern Languages.

4. A course of instruction in Mathematics.

5. A course of instruction in Natural Philosophy.

6. A course of instruction in Civil Engineering.

7. A course of instruction in Chemistry and Physiology.

8. A course of instruction in the English Language and Literature, and Rhetoric and Oratory.

9. A course of instruction in Moral and Intellectual Philosophy.

10. A course of instruction in History and Political Economy.

11. A course of instruction in Didactics, on the Theory and Practice of Teaching.

12. A course of instruction in the Application of Chemistry to the Arts.

13. A course of instruction in the Theory and Practice of Agriculture.

14. A Law School shall be established as soon as the funds of the Institution shall render it practicable."

The only branches here mentioned which are not taught at Cambridge, either in the College or the Lawrence Scientific School, are the course in Didactics, and the course in Agriculture.

"The course in Didactics is designed at present especially for the benefit of teachers of common schools. There will be held two terms a year in this department of at least two months each. It shall be the duty of the professor of Didactics to review with the class the studies taught in common schools, and then to explain the manner of communicating knowledge to others. The other professors in the University will be expected to deliver to his class such lectures in their several departments as may be desired by the Executive Board. . . . .

"Course in Agriculture. This course shall embrace instruction in the principles and practice of Agriculture, the natural history of the vegetables and animals commonly in use by the agriculturist; meteorology; the nature and treatment of soils, the management of the farm; and the cultivation of the most important products, both animal and vegetable; it shall be its object to enable the student to conduct the operations of agriculture upon scientific and economical principles, with special reference, however, to the soil and climate of this portion of the United States."

The peculiarity of the new system of instruction, is not in the branches taught in the University, but in the manner of arranging the several courses, which are to be so arranged in every respect as to accomplish, so far as possible, the following objects:—

"1. To enable a student to pursue to the best advantage, any single course which he may choose.

2. To enable a student to pursue for a single term, a single year, or any other portion of time, such studies as he may believe to be for his advantage.

3. To allow students who are candidates for degrees to pursue the studies necessary for a degree in a longer or shorter time, as their age, ability or pecuniary circumstances may render convenient to themselves; the faculty, however, having the right to direct the studies of such students in such manner as to prevent idleness on the one hand, or superficial haste on the other."

In regard to the mode of instruction:

"Wherever the nature of the subject admits of it, the teaching will be by lecture and examination, with reference to text books and collateral authorities, accompanied by the writing of essays and exercises, and the solution of problems. It will be the duty of the Professor to illustrate every subject capable of visible illustration by diagrams and experiments; to direct his class to such authors as will be most useful in the prosecution of their studies, and examine them daily, not only in the lecture of the previous day, but in such portions of the book recommended as he may deem expedient. It shall be his object not only to communicate to them a given amount of knowledge, but to excite in them an ardent love of learning, and create in them both the desire and ability to prosecute their studies with interest and profit after their course of University instruction is completed."

This is substantially the method pursued at Cambridge and in most of our New England Colleges. In regard to the Professors, two changes, which may be made very important, are introduced.

"Of the Remuneration of Officers. To each Professorship a salary shall be affixed, (as soon as practicable after the commencement of the present arrangements,) which shall be paid quarterly; and each Professor shall, in addition, receive the avails of the tickets for admission to his class, after deducting such incidental expenses as shall be charged by the Executive Board.

"The price of the tickets of each class shall be fixed by the Corporation. . . .

"The Corporation have the authority to remove any officer, when, in their judgment, the good of the institution demands it; and also to appoint any person or persons, of good moral character and ascertained competency, to teach in the University in any department of science or learning, whether such department be occupied by an incumbent or not, on such conditions as they may approve."

In most departments of instruction we believe these to be very important regulations, and that, if judiciously applied, they will add greatly to the spirit and energy of the professors. There is danger, however, lest a flashy, superficial and merely popular mode of lecturing should be resorted to for the purpose of gaining students. Such practices may succeed for a season; but professors who acquire a reputation for profoundness of thought and intelligence, and for thoroughness and clearness in teaching, will in the long run be most liberally sustsined.

It is proposed to confer three different degrees. The degree of A. B. or Bachelor of Arts "is designed especially for those who desire to prepare themselves for the different professions, and yet, from unavoidable circumstances, are unable to pursue a complete course of liberal education." The attainments required for the degree are considerably less than those required for the same degree in most of our New England colleges.

The degree of Bachelor in Philosophy "is designed for those students who are intended for the pursuits of active life."

The degree of A. M., or Master of Arts, "is intended for those students who desire to pursue a full course of liberal education."

"It is the design of the Corporation to require for the degree of Bachelor of Arts and of Philosophy, an amount of study which *may* be accomplished in three years, but which may, if he pleases, occupy the student profitably for four years; and to require for the degree of Master of Arts an amount of study which *may* be accomplished in four years, but which, if generously pursued, may occupy the student with advantage a considerably longer time. And the Faculty have the power to direct in all cases the discontinuance of a third study, or the addition of a third to two already pursued, if such diminution or addition of labor will, in their opinion, be for the advantage of the student. Whenever a study is thus postponed, the ticket which the student has purchased shall be available for the same course at any subsequent time without additional charge."

The amount of knowledge required for the degree of A. M. is about the same as that required at Cambridge for the degree of A. B. The use of the degree of A. B. for an inferior education, must create some confusion among those who regard college degrees, and either give to the graduates of Brown University a testimonial beyond their attainments, or lower beyond its just level the value of the degree to the graduates of other colleges. The injury, however, is not a very serious one.

We have here pointed out what we regard as the most important peculiarities in President Wayland's system as it is now adopted in Brown University. Something of the same kind as to the election of studies, has been in use for some years at Cambridge, and during a number of years young men not proposing to take a degree, were allowed to connect themselves with the University, and under certain restrictions to pursue with the regular classes such studies as they or their parents desired. Their number was at no time large, they did not feel at home in their position, but were regarded rather as excrescences than as regular members of the University, and the experiment was generally considered unsuccessful. We believe it will be found true in all literary institutions, that those who come to pursue only what is regarded as an inferior, or in any way a less honorable course of instruction, will insensibly be led to regard themselves, and will be regarded by others, as belonging to an inferior caste, and therefore will not be stimulated by the same generous ambition and liberal zeal that act so powerfully on the minds of others. The English department at Exeter Academy, however able and zealous the teacher, was always overshadowed and dwarfed by the classical, which was considered the more honorable department. Small trees do not thrive in too close a proximity to those which are large.

It may be, however, and we rejoice to have the practicability of the thing tested, that under the new arrangement at Brown University, the three courses are so blended together as parts of one system, and that such life will be infused into them from the efficient head of the institution, that the candidates for the different degrees may all feel themselves to be entirely on the same footing as members of the University, that no unfortunate distinctions of caste may, however insensibly, affect any portion of them, and that the same generous emulation and love of knowledge may prevail through all the different ranks.

The advantages which the system, if success fully carried out, promises are great and numerous. It will awaken new zeal and life among the teachers, obliging them, like members of other professions, to depend for success on the reputation which they may gain and support by their own continued exertions. It will make the University a great centre of education in every department of knowledge and for every class of men. And as, in most of the experimental branches, and in whatever instruction is imparted by lectures, several hundred may just as easily be taught as a single student, the advantages of the college in each particular department may without much additional cost be laid open to all who wish for instruction in that particular department, instead of being confined as heretofore to those who are able to go through the whole college course. Those who are to engage in business, in manufactures, in the mechanical arts, in agriculture and in teaching, may here learn just what they need for their special pursuits, and the University will thus be brought into direct communication, not only with the learned professions, but with all the active enterprise and industrial occupations of the country, elevating the standard of common education, and sending its beneficent streams of knowledge, through the mass of our population.

The danger is, that while one institution undertakes to do so much, the different parts of so large a whole will press unhappily upon, and embarrass one another. They who would otherwise pursue the most extended course of study, may have their ardor damped by seeing their associates, in half the time and with half the labor and expense, going, with the honors of the University, into active life, and thus the attempt to raise the education of the great body of the people may end in lowering the education of those who are to be especially the educated part. If this should be the case, the process of deterioration must at length reach down through the whole mass of society, since in a country like ours there must be some correspondence between the highest education of the few, and the education of the many. Another danger which we have already suggested is, that they who come into a great University to get what knowledge their circumstances allow or their intended occupations require, will be discouraged by the presence of a higher class of students, and labor with less zeal, because feeling that they belong to the least honorable department of the institution. For example, it may be questioned whether they who are fitting themselves as teachers for our Common Schools, will study with the same hopeful enthusiasm under such influences, as they would in a Normal School, where what they seek is the one object of thought, ambition, conversation, study. Besides, is there not some danger, that the community, seeing the ease with which a college education may be gained, and judging of its value mostly by their acquaintance with students of the lower grade, will in the general diffusion of its inferior privileges, learn to despise its more thorough and generous course of studies and in this way lower the standard of liberal education?

We suggest these as dangers, which are to be borne in mind and guarded against, but which we trust will not prove fatal. If they can be overcome, the experiment now commenced in Brown University will be regarded as more important than any single educational movement that has been made within the last century. We know of no place where the experiment could be tried so advantageously as in Providence, and of no man who in learning, zeal, and capacity for labor, in moral intrepidity and executive tact, in weight of character and the power of acting on other minds, in largeness of views and a capacity for minute details, is better fitted to carry out such a plan with entire success.

It is a sign of wisdom to be willing to receive instruction: the most intelligent sometimes stand in need of it.

OUR REDEEMER.

It is often urged against those who do not receive Jesus Christ as the Supreme God, that no one, except the Almighty, can be to man an all-sufficient Saviour and Redeemer. But God *is our* Saviour and Redeemer. Our trust and hope are in him. And so entire is our confidence in him, that we would humbly and devoutly permit him to save us in his own way, by his own appointed Mediator, without undertaking to say beforehand who or what that Mediator may be. If God should choose a worm from the dust by which to save us, and should plainly reveal to us that such was his purpose, we believe so implicitly in him, that we should accept even that instrument of salvation, perfectly sure that in his hands it would be all-sufficient for us.

There has been from the beginning too much a disposition to be disatisfied with the simple means which God has provided, and to seek out something more imposing than that which he has appointed. The great question should be, not, what provision ought God to make for us, what sort of a being or sacrifice is needed in order to insure our salvation, but what sort of a mediator and saviour has he actually sent into the world? What is revealed to us in the Scriptures concerning our Lord? Whether he be simply a human being divinely commissioned for this work, or one of the angelic host let down to breathe God's spirit into a benighted world, or a man so divinely endowed as in majesty and power to be greatly exalted above the angels, or a being, the firstborn of the creation and in his nature second only to the Infinite Father, or whether he be the Eternal God manifesting himself in a human form, is a matter to be settled according to the evidence in the sacred records. Whichever he may be, we know that if we receive him as we ought, he will be to us an all-sufficient Saviour. This much we know, because we know that he is sent to us from God and that God in him is reconciling the world to himself. Whichever of these or of any other hypotheses is revealed to us, we joyfully accept it. And if there should be no clear revelation of his nature, if in that respect it should be proved that no man knoweth the Son but the Father only, we should not therefore lose our faith in Christ, but should cling to him with the firmest trust as our Lord and Saviour, as the only begotten Son whom God hath sent into the world, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have eternal life.

When will Christians be willing thus to receive him with humble and believing hearts, without too curiously piercing again his hands and his side, to ascertain precisely how he is made? Let us reverently come to him, sit at his feet and hear his words, sure that, if we receive them as we ought, they will be to us "spirit and life," and that if we receive him with a reverent faith he will be to us "the way, the truth, and the life." As he is appointed by God to be our Redeemer, in him God is extending to us all of his grace, love and power that we need, and in leaning on him as our Saviour, we are in fact leaning on God, in receiving his spirit we are receiving the spirit of God, since God is working in him for our salvation, and in this essential particular he and his Father are one. And this is equally true whichever view of his nature we accept, or if, without undertaking to form any hypothesis, we simply receive him as our Saviour, the well-beloved son of God.

"Honor to whom Honor." The Christian Inquirer has fallen into a singular misunderstanding, in supposing that the Mr. Sears, whose Liturgy was critised by "T. B." in the late No. of the "Christian Examiner," is Rev. E. H. Sears, "who has written the most beautiful hymn on Christmas in our hymn-books." We are not aware that our esteemed and respected fellow citizen, Hon. David Sears, though the compiler of a Liturgy which contains an admirable selection of hymns, has made any contribution to the poetical literature of the Church. Nor is the poetic tase of the accomplished ex-minister of Lancaster compromised by the omission from the above-mentioned Liturgy of the "image of the hart panting after the water brooks." Whether the mistake was made by the learned editor of the Inquirer, or its accomplished Boston correspondent, we know not. We did not suppose it possible that either of them could have ever fallen into an error as to a matter of fact. On the whole we are rather pleased with seeing so curious a blunder, because of the evidence it gives that they also are sharers in our common infirmities, and that we ourselves need not despair if we are sometimes betrayed into mistakes.

The Life of Jesus. [We heartily commend the following subject as opening a very rich field for thought and discussion.]

Messrs. Editors,—Encouraged by your editorial article in this day's Register, permit me to suggest a proposition *like* the following for discussion and action, at the coming Convention at Springfield:—

"Believing that the 'Divine influence,' which is necessary to enable men to become and to continue what they ought to be, is to be found alone in the whole manifestation of Jesus Christ, and that the knowledge of Him is to be desired above all other knowledge, it is the purpose of the Unitarian Clergymen, present at this meeting, and by them recommended to all Clergymen of the denomination, to devote all their efforts, as Christian Ministers, the coming year, *exclusively*, to the work of enabling their people to gain a more comprehensive, life-like, and perfect conception of the outward manifestation, and, through that, of the thoughts and emotions, —the interior life,—of the Son of God,—the Redeemer of men."

Sept. 21. A Layman.

Mr. Robbins's Society.

Sale of Pews in Freeman Place Chapel.

A Public Sale of the Pews in Freeman Place Chapel, Beacon Street, now occupied by the Society under the pastoral care of the Rev. Chandler Robbins, will be held at 3 o'clock, P. M., on Monday, Oct. 7, at the Chapel.

We would call particular attention to the sale above mentioned. We rejoice in the greatly improved prospects of Mr. Robbins's Society, and trust that the result of the sale, next Tuesday, will be of the most encouraging character.

Springfield Convention. We would call the attention of our readers to this Convention of our body, which will be held in Springfield, commencing on the 15th of the present month. Our friends in Springfield have made or are making large preparations for the occasion, and we hope that their hospitality may be responded to. It would be well if different congregations would send delegates to represent them in their meetings, and still better will it be for as many as possible to be present to represent themselves.

News from the Churches

Mobile, (Ala.)—We are happy to learn that the Unitarian Society in Mobile is about being revived under the ministrations of Rev. Mr. Larnard. As his health will not allow him to perform all the duties of the parish, arrangements will be made for some clergyman to labor with him the coming winter.

Haverill, (Mass.,) and Dover, (N. H.)—Rev. Mr. Hinckley, of Norton, has been unanimously invited to settle in the above places.

Mr. Kirk's Sermon on "The Murderer."

It would have been gratifying if the fearful crime that has lately distracted the public mind, with all the horrors it has bred in the imagination, and all the solemn admonitions it has offered to the conscience, could have been permitted to pass by and take its place in history, without associating with its intrinsic miseries the bitterness of theological spite, or the misrepresentations of sectarian purveyors. For a long time it seemed as if our community were really to be afforded this rare comfort, and flattered with this sign of progress. But to look for the continued exercise of this forbearance, however reasonable when measuring our hopes by the generous spirit of Christianity, was expecting too much when we chastened our expectation by the facts of experience. Contrary to all the kind plans which certain greedy accumulators of sectarian capital had laid for him, Prof. Webster had the presumption to meet his end in peace, to leave the world with apparent trust in God, with expressions of good will towards all mankind, and of penitence for his sins, and of a hope of immortality, *without believing the dogma of a vicarious atonement*. It disconcerted the dogma's friends. They had a different arrangement for him. He should have discarded his earlier opinions, and embraced new ones. He should have rejected the counsels of the faith he had never doubted to be true, and sought advice from the advocates of a creed he supposed to be greatly false. Even after choosing Dr. Putnam as his chaplain, he ought to have found his instructions unsatisfactory, and dismissed him. At the very least, after going on tolerably before, he might have had the grace to break down at sight of the gallows, and despatch a courier for some expounder of John Calvin. But he died "dead without the sight;" died a becoming death, and, after all, nothing can be manufactured, or tortured out of it, for the furtherance of a "special system" of religion. How can a mortal man whose whole soul is bound up in a party cause bear all this perversity with dignity? First come a few faint mutterings of vexations, as between clenched teeth; and now, a worthy minister, whose self-command reaches to the extent of disciplining his language into the *forms* of courtesy, steps into his pulpit and preaches a sermon, which, for the first thirteen pages, is mainly just and respectably dull,—for five pages more is improved in vigor, while it loses in soundness,—and for the remaining six pages mixes blunders and bigotry in about equal proportions. This individual has thus erred from a course generally held in esteem, and injured a good name. Injudicious advisers have printed the discourse. Our only reason for adverting to it as we do is, that we happen to know something of the mischief which a production like this, emanating from a central position, is capable of doing, by encouraging prejudices predisposed to rejoice in it.

Mr. Kirk claims to be actuated by no other than honorable motives. He says, "I am not now judging any man. I am dealing with a religious system which has, on this occasion, preached its peculiar doctrines to the largest audience it ever addressed at one time." He is doubtless sincere in the impression that fidelity, to something, demanded this ill-judged display: and in the opinion that he is free from bad dispositions he is probably as correct as the nature of a mind habituated rather to declamation than to analytic self-inspection, and apt to desire popular effect rather than accurate discrimination, would be likely to be, on such a point. He says in another place, "This, of all cases, seems most to forbid angry controversy, harsh polemics or coarse personal remarks. But we are called upon to state what is, and what is not, the gospel of Jesus Christ." Modesty would have said, "what *we believe* is, and what *we believe* is not." But let that pass. "I am relieved," adds Mr. K., "by the thought that no one class of our citizens can consider this an attack upon a party; for the views which I shall oppose are held by various persons, and not entirely by, perhaps, even one congregation, much less one denomination." We give the preacher the full benefit of his verbal defence; only observing that to prefix a generous sentiment to a narrow attack, or to introduce misrepresentation with a disclaimer of evil intentions, is a device not much more acute than it is uncommon.

We have no disposition to wage a theological controversy over an executed criminal. We wish it were possible to separate the issues Mr. Kirk has made from this case; but there are four passages in the sermon, to which we must advert. We do it with great pain. We had trusted the day when speech so disingenuous, and jealousy so unscrupulous, waited to be exposed, had gone forever. Furthermore, we entertain the utmost confidence that very few ministers of any denomination in this city would be found to countenance a demonstration at once so foolish and so false.

The first of the passages referred to is on pp. 17 and 18, and is as follows:

"I do not doubt that this remarkable case will make more silent changes in men's theories on many points of religious belief, than any thing that has ever occurred here. It shows the vanity of that confidence which some have had in human nature, and in the security furnished by wordly accomplishments, high alliances, and mere cultivation. Many will now believe, who have never believed, that man is fallen, and must look out for himself for a Deliverer. Many will now admit that neither a liberal theology, nor respectable connections, nor refinement, nor elevation, nor good society, can prevent a man from being a sinner, and even a murderer. Many will begin to believe that the sin which is in all our hearts is the only real evil to be dreaded."

Now what is the plain meaning,—as plain as the timid periphrasis dares to make it,—of the last three sentences? Of course it is that Unitarians have not generally held either of the three things here indicated. We have not the least hesitation in saying that a gentleman of intelligence, who has resided some years in the city of Boston, and who has enjoyed the means of information open to an ordinary layman, much more to a minister, who can allow himself to preach or publish this declaration, or this implication, is—very imprudent. There are degrees of guilt. He has deeply wronged his audience, himself, us, and the Truth.

As an example of the disastrous work prejudice makes with a man's consistency, compare the sentence last quoted,—"The sin which is in all our hearts is the only real evil to be dreaded,"—with the next page, where the preacher owns his belief in the personal existence and agency of Satan, and affirms that "a wicked spirit, of great intellectual power, tempts us to wickedness, which, without him, we might never attain to." The clinching argument derived to this doctrine of Satanic agency from the history of Prof. Webster is that "it would account for much that he did!"

The next passage is one where Mr. Kirk uses whatever influence he may possess, and the measure of that is not by any means the measure of his perverseity—how is it possible to use a milder word?—to spread and strengthen the impression that Unitarians as a class have not generally held and taught that "Man may be regenerated." Here is a part of what he says to that effect:

"I am judging a system which I deem to be unscriptural, and dangerous to men's souls, while it claims to have renounced the delusions of our fathers, and to furnish the people with the pure gospel. And, knowing that it would here be put to a severe test, I have anxiously, and with the most truly friendly feeling toward him who represented it, watched its manifestations. I wanted to know whether it would go into the cell, and tell Mr. Webster, "Sir, you are a sinner, and cannot be saved by the same gospel which saves good men. Sir, you cannot be saved; for a wicked heart like yours cannot be changed. There is no provision to change wicked hearts. We do not believe in that; it is all fanaticism, and encourages wickedness. Sir, you cannot be forgiven, for there never was an atonement made for sinners; all that Christ did was to set an example of goodness, and inculcate the precepts of virtue. But since you have not imitated his example, nor obeyed his precepts, Christ can do nothing more for you. It is all a dream that God steps out of the regular course of nature, and, by supernatural influences, interferes to destroy the power of habit, to quench the unhallowed fires of passion, and create light amid darkness, and call the dead to life. Christ did this when on earth in a material sense; but it is all a delusion that he is now exalted to it in the higher spiritual sense; you must not expect it. The mighty wheels of nature roll on. Law is God; and its decree is, 'As a man sows, so shall he reap; he that is filthy, let him be filthy still.' To be consistent with itself, I thought this would be its utterance. I have regarded it as a system made for the good, and not for the bad. But here, it seems, it proclaims regeneration to the depraved —sudden, radical. That is as we believe it should be. But now for the evidences of regeneration."

The servant-girl that tells a lie to screen her carelessness; the newsboy that fabricates a fiction to better his living,—are condemned as reprobates. What shall we say of the scholar, reader, preacher, and gentleman who writes, preaches, prints and sends out to the world, without a shudder in his nerves, what in the impression it must make is so notoriously unfounded as this? Would it be strange if we were to say that he helps to illustrate his own indisputable statement, that neither "respectable connections, nor refinement, nor elevation, nor good society, can prevent a man from being a sinner?" The doctrine here distinctly ascribed to Unitarians is no more held by them than fetichism or metempsychosis by Mr. Kirk. What he says is not only utterly unfair, but it is wickedly untrue, although we would rather suppose that he says it from ignorance than from an untruthful heart. It is not a caricature but a sheer invention. Either he knew it to be so, or he did not. If he did not, what becomes of his pretensions as a theologian, competent to speak to his fellow men on theological subjects? If he did, why then we commend him to the doctrine, which he and we hold in common,—the doctrine of "regeneration." Is it replied that nothing is said here of "Unitarians" and that nobody need apply the terrible description unless it fits? It is a cowardly subterfuge. If Mr. Kirk will deny that he refers to Unitarians, we will still put confidence enough in his veracity to accept his denial. He cannot do it. We challenge him, then, to produce proof to justify the revolting language here put into the mouth of the "system."

The next and principal point concerns the moral state in which Prof. Webster left the world. To save the credit of his peculiar theology, Mr. Kirk must make out one of two things, that the criminal perished an obdurate, unchanged, hopeless hypocrite,—or else that he was fatally misled by his religious teachers; either hypothesis will satisfy him with the comforting and charitable conclusion that the departed soul has gone to perdition, and is now in torments. He distinctly chooses the latter side of this amiable alternative. With an admirable simulation of candor, he says, "I am not judging the man. I am reviewing the judgment virtually pronounced by another, and given to the public; whether correctly or imperfectly, we speak of it only as the public have received it." And afterwards, he goes on to add,—"Judging from such light as we have, this man hoped for pardon on the ground of divine mercy alone, and on the alone condition of repentance. Then he was misled; for God is restricted in the exercise of forgiveness by his justice. He must have respect to the sacrifice of Christ in pardoning sin, as the ground of pardon, and to the sinner's faith in Christ crucified as the condition of pardon." Here, then, is Mr. Kirk's enlightened thesis and demonstration: Unitarians heretofore have never held that a sinner could be forgiven and saved; Dr. Putnam has risen so far as to have faith in the divine forgiveness on condition of repentance, but does not believe in the divine justice,—because God cannot be just except through a vicarious atonement; and therefore Prof. Webster's soul is lost: Q. E. D.

But furthermore; Mr. Kirk declares:—

"The world is now to believe that this man was regenerated by the power of his friend, and not by the supernatural power of the Holy Spirit. Murder and perjury have been forgiven without any faith in the atonement of Christ. A dying man may be calm and firm without having his mind at all on Christ. The true policy is to divert his thoughts in death. The world is to believe that he has gone to heaven, not by trusting in Christ, but by being sorry that he has done wrong. In all the solemn scene of that hour, when his spirit is to present itself before its holy Judge, not an allusion is made even to the name of Him who appeared on earth to save our souls from sin and hell. We look in vain, in all that account, to find one mention of those blessed names, Redeemer, Jesus, Christ, Saviour. They are not there. The fifteenth chapter of first Corinthians is represented as affording him great consolation; but no allusion is made to the distinguishing fact, that it is "they that are Christ's," "they that are fallen asleep in Christ,' that are gloriously raised. We hear nothing from him in reference to that victor's shout with which the apostle there closes his description of the resurrection—"Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory *through our Lord Jesus Christ*."

As we understand it, a soul has been sent into the presence of God utterly disregarding the "cross of our Lord Jesus Christ," which exhibits the supreme glory of God in meeting the exigencies of our apostasy, in recovering and healing our souls."

Mr. Kirk has certainly a peculiar felicity at affording personal exemplifications of his own theories. We hope the eminent divine will not let his demonology get the better of his theology. "The world is now to believe that this man was regenerated by the power of his friend, and not by the supernatural power of the Holy Spirit!" For shame! The world is going to believe no such thing, most unveracious Prophet! It is altogether too sensible and upright a world to believe such nonsense as that. We are well aware that some congregations afford encouraging examples of what human nature is capable, in the way of credulity, and their ministers sometimes get the impression that the world will believe almost anything it is bidden to believe. But very few people indeed will believe what you say here. "Murder and perjury have been forgiven without any faith in the atonement of Christ." On the contrary, we have good reason to think that "faith in the atonement of Christ" was a part of the message borne by the teacher to his charge, brightened the prisoner's dreary cell, and sustained him under the terrors of a horrid death; and we hope that "murder and perjury were forgiven." "A dying man may be calm and firm without having his mind at all on Christ." As an independent fact, this assertion is amply confirmed by the authority of history; stoic, savage, malefactor and warrior have often been "calm and firm" at dying; but there is the best possible reason for believing that in this particular case the mind of the dying man was fixed steadily and earnestly on Christ. "The true policy is to divert his thoughts in death." Alas for the heart, so blinded by mean suspicions, that it could see in the Christian sympathy which bade the doomed man, as he walked forth upon the gallows, lift his thoughts above all the dismal scene and fix them, by prayer and trust, on things invisible and eternal, only a poor politic device to distract his attention! "Not an allusion is made even to the name of Him who appeared on earth to save our souls from sin and hell. We look in vain in all that account, to find one mention of those blessed names, Redeemer, Jesus, Christ, Saviour. They are not there." No mere literal refutation can meet the ugly spirit in which these holy names are here repeated. But the fact is of some importance,—and we state it on authority which our readers will refer to the right source;—the name of Jesus,—the love of the Saviour, the blessed offices of the Redeemer, the divine, reconciling mediation of the living, crucified and ascended Son of God,—the "Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ"—formed a subject of constant, fervent, grateful conversation, between the prisoner and his friend, from the first of their intercourse to the very last,—and formed, to the prisoner himself, according to his own avowal, a ground of hope, and a pledge of peace. It was toward the end of his mortal course that Prof. Webster read with a diligent and solemn mind two tracts on the Atonement, one by Rev. Dr. Nehemiah Adams, and one by Dr. Gannett,—expressing his religious dissatisfaction at the former, and the comfort he derived from the searching and evangelical tenor of the latter.

What we wish more emphatically to say how ever is simply this; that the whole basis on which Mr. Kirk has placed this public effort is radically rotten. He has no justification for proclaiming what he has proclaimed, whether on the score of decorum, taste, good sense, liberal feeling, Christian justice, or common accuracy. He professes, it is true, to take only the published accounts of what passed between Prof. Webster and Dr. Putnam. But he *is perfectly* aware that his method of treatment and the tone of his subsequent remarks convey the impression that those accounts are to be taken as accurate and complete. Are we flattering his intelligence too much when we assert that *he* must have known them to be both inaccurate and incomplete! Why, on the only real matter here involved, the newspapers do not even pretend, in the widest stretch of their presumption, to be accurate and complete. They have no business to be so. Whatever the prying impertinence of Theological gossips may advenure, any interference with the sacred privacy of the spiritual communings between a dying man and his best friend, or his Maker and Judge is below the condescension of the reporters of the daily press. What passed between the two men, is now known only to the surviving one,—excepting such few, occasional and wholly fragmentary disclosures as he has chosen to make in the most intimate confidence to his own friends. The public know nothing of it; they have no right to anything of it; they cannot decently ask to have anything of it; and decent men will not ask. Least of all has anybody a right to presume that he knows anything of it without asking. Dr. Putnam never said to the public he believed Prof. Webster's soul was saved, that he was penitent, that he had gone to Heaven,—nor the contrary. He has expressed no public opinion on the subject. Some religious teachers, we believe, are in the habit of informing surviving friends of the precise condition of departed spirits, both in funeral prayers and on numerous other occasions. But this is not Dr. Putnam's habit, nor does it obtain very extensively in our department of the church. A few isolated expressions in Dr. Putnam's more public prayer just before the execution, were copied into the newspaper reports. One paper unfortunately made the absurd statement that in the course of that prayer Dr. Putnam "expressed his opinion of the prisoner's sincere repentance;" a statement sufficiently refuted to all tolerable judgments by the circumstance that whatever *opinion* the officiating clergyman might have, he would hardly be likely to express it in a prayer addressed to the Omniscient. Devotion is not commonly made a medium for a declaration of opinions. But the report was wrong. We say again, no human being had any right to know the spiritual exercises of the man that has expiated his crime against the laws with his life. Very little is known. However puzzled certain meddlesome people may be at this reserve,—feeling the same morbid curiosity about the criminal's inner state that many wretched creatures feel about the whereabouts of his body,—we hope few among them will be left to violate propriety by taking such liberties as have been taken by Mr. Kirk.

The preacher uses considerable pains to insist on the old warning, "Here are two Gospels,—one from God, the other from men." We rejoice to feel assured that the terror which once lay in those formidable words has subsided.—There are fewer people now than there once were to exult in disunion and

JENNY LIND.

We had the great gratification of attending the first concert of Jenny Lind, and without professing to be musical critics, and without encroaching on the poetical, metaphorical, and enthusiastic phrases which seem in danger of being exhausted and worn out by her admirers, we feel impelled, like our neighbors, to describe the impression made upon us.

In many respects, it was certainly different from what we had anticipated. The accessories of the concert were unfortunate. The Tremont Temple is entirely unsuited to musical entertainments. There is so little rebound to the voice, that it seems as if the walls must be lined with cotton; while under the deep, low galleries, its finer tones are lost. In addition to this, the orchestra was of an inferior description. It played out of time and out of tune. The admirable leadership of Benedict, and the remarkable singing of Belletti, were not sufficient to overcome these difficulties. It shows Jenny Lind's power, that she overcame them triumphantly.

What we did not expect, she owes very much to her personal appearance. Whatever she may be by day, under the blaze of gas-light, she gives the impression of possessing, not beauty perhaps, but a singular, and most winning loveliness both of feature and manner. It is hard to describe her. She looked as if she had just stepped down out of a poem. Our readers may have seen some young girl whose approach seemed always to awaken pleasant and kindly feelings in the whole circle around her—all fretted and gloomy fancies vanishing away from before her, as if she were a happy presence—a sudden sunshine,—breaking into the room. Jenny Lind has beyond almost any one that we ever saw, a countenance which possesses this indefinable charm. She had not been on the stage five minutes, before the audience were converted into her personal friends—not admirers so much as friends. Every one was prepared to be pleased with any thing she did. Had she broken down a dozen times, no one would have believed it, but would have thought her failure more charming than the success of any one else. How it was, we know not, but while she was on the stage, the idea of a concert-room and its exhibitions and its artistic accompaniments, vanished, while there stood before us, in the midst of friends, a young person of most natural, frank, graceful, simple manners, and a countenance luminous with sunshiny, womanly, affectionate thoughts and emotions. We are confident that to this, and to her character, of which her appearance seems to be the natural expression, she owes more than is sometimes thought.

But the singing was undoubtedly remarkable. It seemed to us the union of perfect art and perfect nature—both so perfect that it became a kind of glorified nature. In the case of the great singers whom we have heard, they have always appeared to be artists. The art was the prominent thing. In this case we forgot art, we lost all idea of criticism, and leaned back and abandoned ourselves to the enjoyment. It was a very charming young woman singing most exquisitely, so exquisitely that it never occurred to the hearer but that it was as easy and as natural as a bird's song, or the music of a child in the Sabbath twilight of a summer evening. In most cases the music is everything and the woman nothing; in this case the woman was more than the music It was a beautiful, happy-hearted girl, full of unconscious genius, singing without pretension or effort, as if it were from a joyous love of singing. After the concert you think more of Jenny Lind than of her song. You feel that her music is only a small part of herself.

The remarkable peculiarities of her singing to us were, the equal excellence of her voice on the highest and lowest notes; its wonderful flexibility and power enabling her to sing, without apparently the least exertion, the most difficult passages; and the absolute certainty and completeness which characterized every note. Nothing was left unfinished, there was no failure, and all was done with such ease, as to leave behind the feeling of delight which follows any thing which is perfect of its kind.

The impression she makes depends we think, not on any single excellence, but on the harmony and unity of voice, manner, look, joined to the most perfect culture. We think it a memorable occasion to have listened to her. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." We fear that we shall not for sometime listen with pleasure to ordinary singing. We never expect to see again in public, one who unites such remarkable qualities both as an artist and a woman.

Why she pleases, it is hard to tell. She interests people much in the same way as a flower or a tree. No one can tell why it is beautiful, but every one feels it to be consummately so. So with Jenny Lind's looks and singing;—different persons would describe her differently, but all alike feel that she is gifted in some way with a winning and irresistible charm, which attracts alike, young and old, the uncultivated and cultivated. No one will doubt her wonderful endowments, except those who attempt to analyse them; and then only, as one doubts the beauty of a flower after it is torn into fragments.

STRANGE INCIDENTS ATTENDING A DEATH. Under this heading two or three weeks ago, we stated some singular facts in the conduct of a robin. Since then we have met the following affecting passage from the Diary of James Melville, an eminent Scotch Minister nearly three centuries ago. It differs in its general character from the incidents we mentioned, but is curious, as showing the sympathy sometimes existing between different orders of beings.

'The bairn,' says Melville referring to his child, 'was fallon beautiful, loving, and mirrhie, and seimed to be of a fyne sanquine constitution till a quarter efter he was speaned; but syne, both his fleche and cullor fealed, and be the space of a quarter of yeir he consumed and dwyned away, keiping always the sweetest and pleasantest ei that could be in annes heid. I was accustomed to set him at the end of the table in tyme of denner and supper, as the Egyptiens did the picture of the dead, till aquint me therewith; and yit when he died, I marvelet at my awin hart, that was sa urned and moved with it, sa that yit when I write this I am not frie of the boundings of the bowells of that natural affection. And if we, that are eardlie wormes, can be sa affected to our childring, what a love beares that Heavenly Father to his? He was my first propine and handsell to heaven. I can nocht forget a strange thing at his death. I haid a pair of fyne milkwhait dowes, whilk I fed in the hous: the ane whairof that day of his deathe could nocht be holden aff his cradle, but stopped from sitting above it, crap in and satt in under it, and died with him: the uther, at my hame-coming on the morn, as I was washing my hands cam, lighted ot my futt, and peteously crying 'Pipe, pipe, pipe,' ran a little away from me. Then I called for peyes and beanes to giff it; but they schew me it wold nocht eatt. I tuk it upe, and put pikles in the mouthe of it, bot it schud them out of the throt; and parting from me with a pitifull piping, within twa or three hours died also.'"

Notices of New Publications.

ADDRESSES AT THE CONSECRATION OF CEMETERIES.

These consecrations have become so common, as almost to create a new species of address, in which the solemnity of death, the sacredness of the ties which connect the living with the dead, and the sanctities of our Christian hopes, are blended with the influences of nature. Mr. Whitney's Address at the Consecration of Evergreen Cemetery in Brighton, and Mr. Shackford's Address at the Consecration of the Pine Grove Cemetery in Lynn, though unlike, are both appropriate in thought and manner, and fully meet the occasions for which they were prepared. "Through the happy influence of these peaceful and well-ordered shades," says Mr. Whitney, "blending with the teachings of Christian faith, we would have the departed regarded not . . . as widely severed from the living, but as treasures laid up on high. . . Here may the distant world be brought near to human thought. . . Here, as the mourner comes to weep apart, may it be with that sacred grief that shall keep the lost on earth in hopeful and perpetual fellowship." For extracts from Mr. Shackford's Address we refer to the outside of our paper.

HEALTH, DISEASE AND REMEDY. By George Moore, M. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1850. Sold in Boston by Crosby & Nichols.

This book is not intended to make every man his own physician when he is sick and so to increase indefinitely the number of quacks, but to give rules and suggestions, which will help one to preserve his health. We do not pretend to sit in judgment on the value of a medical work; but we have read this volume with interest, and we are certain that many of its suggestions could not be attended to without profit. Indeed such books are useful, if the reading of them serves to make men understand that the great thing is not to recover health when it is lost, so much as to preserve it and to save one's self from the necessity of medical treatment.

BRITISH FEMALE POETS. Illustrated. By George W. Bethune. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blackiston.

AMERICAN FEMALE POETS. Illustrated. By Caroline May. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blackiston.

We have received these large and handsome volumes from Messrs. Ticknor & Co. The selections are judiciously made from a wide range of authors, and give the most agreeable and best idea of the female poets in our language, that is to be gained any where in so reasonable a compass. They are volumes which every lover of refined and touching poetry might be glad to possess.

SELECT ORATIONS OF M. TULLIUS CICERO. With Notes. For the Use of Schools and Colleges. By E. A. Johnson, Prof. of Latin in the University of the City of New York. Appleton & Co.

This well-printed volume, with copious and clear notes, is one of the classical series of the Appletons. It embraces what are called the Select Orations, and contains the results of the recent critical labors of Orelli, Mudrig and Klotz.

FLORAL GEMS, or the Songs of Flowers. By Mrs. J. Thayer. Eighth Edition.

A pleasant, handsomely printed, diamond edition of a little work suited for a gift-book, and whose popularity appears from the number of editions through which it has passed.

THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF SOUTHEY. In 6 parts. Part 5. Edited by his Son, the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Southey. Harper & Brothers.

This number embraces letters not only of Mr. Southey, but of many of the most distinguished men of the time, of both continents.

THE KNOWLEDGE OF JESUS THE MOST EXCELLENT OF THE SCIENCES. By Alexander Carson, LL.D. New York: Edward H. Fletcher.

A compactly written Trinitarian statement of the great doctrines of Christianity.

SHAKSPEARE'S DRAMATIC WORKS. No. 24. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. Price, 25 cts. per number.

THE ILLUSTRATED FAMILY BIBLE. By the Rev. Ingram Cobbin. New York: Samuel Hueston. No. 6.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK FOR OCTOBER.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

The passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill through both Houses of Congress has produced a profound sensation throughout New England and the West. It is now the law of the land and in several instances it has already been carried into execution. The first arrest under the new law occurred last week in New York. A colored man by the name of Hamlet was charged with having run away from his owner, a lady of Maryland. He was seized upon the affidavit of Thomas J. Clare, who produced a power of attorney in writing, properly certified, which authorized him to claim and take the fugitive. An examination was held before the United States Commissioner, who decided that the fugitive should be given up, which was done. The claimant then demanded sufficient force to enable him to take *his property* safely back to Maryland. This was granted, no opposition was made, and the fugitive was sent back to servitude. Other arrests have since been made, in other places as well as New York. In consequence of this, various parties of fugitive slaves, numbering in some instances, according to the statements we have seen, from forty to fifty individuals, have taken arms for self defence and fled from the cities and towns of their abode to the Canadas or elsewhere, where they will be out of the reach of danger. In Springfield a meeting of fugitive slaves has been held to appoint a committee of safety and concert other measures for mutual protection. A similar meeting was held in Boston last Monday evening, and we have heard of like gatherings in other places. What the result will be we know not. It does not seem likely, however, that this measure will be one of harmony and concord. The North will not bear it.

——— There was a temperance meeting at the Temple last Sunday evening, which the Journal says was well attended. Barnum, of Jenny Lind notoriety, was one of the speakers. The Swedish Nightingale has been the theme of conversation everywhere in the city during the week. In speaking of the musical fever which she has excited in the community, we said in our last paper that we could not judge how much pecuniary depletion would be necessary to control the fever. A typographical error occurred by which the word deflection was substituted for depletion. The mistake might have been worse. The fever is still raging. Her concerts are as crowded as ever.

——— Congress adjourned a few days since after one of the longest and stormiest sessions on record. Serious apprehensions were entertained at one time that its debates would terminate in a disruption of the Union, but the storm has passed by—at least for the present. One of the last Bills which were passed was an act to abolish flogging in the Navy.

——— Governor Towns of Georgia has issued a proclamation, calling a convention of that State on the 25th of November next, to deliberate upon the best measures for the South and for Georgia to pursue at the present juncture, when the "peculiar Institution" of the South is in danger. "In view of the atrocious free-soil sentiment and policy, not merely of the non-slaveholding States, but of the government—of the imminent peril to which the institution of slavery is reduced by the act of Congress admitting the State of California into the Union with a constitution containing the principle of the *Wilmot Proviso*, and in defiance of our warning and earnest remonstrance—in view of the deplorable fact that some diversity of opinion exists in some of the southern States, as to the proper mode of redressing the wrongs and avoiding the dangers which all must see and feel;" in view of all this, he counsels prudence, calmness, decision and a determination to preserve inviolate the "right of property in slaves" and "the equality of the States of the Union, as guaranteed under the Constitution." The Governor of Mississippi has issued a similar proclamation. Such acts, taken in connection with the effect of the fugitive slave law at the North, do not look like peace and harmony.

——— A call has been issued for a Workingmen's State Convention to be held in this city on the 10th of October, to consider what political action or other measures are required by the interests of Labor. The number of Protective Union Stores and Co-operative Trades' Associations is constantly on the increase in New England, and it can scarcely be doubted that in the course of a few years they will pervade the whole country. We hope the Convention will represent the intelligent labor of the State.

——— The Annual Autumnal Convention of Unitarian Clergymen and Laymen will meet this year in Springfield. The meeting takes place on the 15th and 16th of October, and a large proportion of the most eminent clergy and laity are expected to be present.

——— We have very little European news to lay before our readers this week. The Pope is beginning to rejoice at his return to the Quirinal. In commemoration of his restoration he has ordered the celebration of a universal Jubilee; the time is to be fixed by the bishops themselves in different parts of the world: it is to last fifteen days, and carry plenary indulgence of one hundred years for each separate accomplishment of the set of devotional exercises to be prescribed by the bishops in their several dioceses. In Naples the trials of the prisoners for political offences are going on. The manner of treating prisoners there, and the methods employed by government to obtain evidence against the accused, reminds one of the days of the Inquisition. The following sketch, which is said to be a fair example of the whole, is extracted from the London Inquirer:—"One of the first examples of infamy on the part of the government was disclosed by G. de Semone, a prisoner, who stood up in court, and stated that whilst confined in Castle del Orr, the commander visited him, and threatened if he did not reveal the secret of the sect, he should be skinned alive; but if he disclosed what he supposed he knew, the government would provide him with a place, and give him 18,000 ducats, and, as a proof, he then presented 200 piastres to the prisoner, as a guarantee of the sincerity of the government. De Semone refused. At this revelation, the President commanded silence. "Then," said the prisoner, "our judges do not wish to hear the truth." G. Errichello, a second prisoner, stated he was promised two hundred ducats a-month from government if he would assist the commissary of police in accusing others. S. Faucitano, one of the accused, deposed that his hair was torn from his head by spies on his way to prison, and that he was bound by wet cords. He was shut in a dark dungeon for nine days without any food, save a little bread and water, and no bed. He was then dragged before the police authorities, and obliged to sign a paper which it appears denounced others as sectarians. G. Carrio stated that whilst in prison he was offered 6,000 ducats if he would swear a fellow-prisoner, Nisco, endeavored to excite the royal troops to desert and join the people. The wife of Sersale was imprisoned to force an accusation against her husband, one of the accused. As these facts came out the President exclaimed, "It is not allowed to injure the character of public officers who enjoy the confidence of the king." F. Antonetti narrated the torture he had suffered, and the want of food which caused him, when in a state of starvation, to put his name to a paper drawn up by the police. Cavafa prayed the court to relieve himself and fellow political prisoners from the crowded rooms in which they were placed; *one thousand eight hundred and thirty prisoners were huddled together in a space too small to allow them even to move with ease.*

——— Late advices from Australia bring accounts of the commencement of an agitation in favor of separating the colonies from the mother country. The subject is said to be discussed without concealment or reserve, but not in an angry or rebellious mood. It is not alleged that there are any insufferable grievances to be resisted, but that the interests of the country require that it should no longer remain in the condition of a dependency. Absolute self-government, under a republican form, it is claimed, would develop the resources and foster the growth of the land at a rate impossible under its present political relations. What the result of this agitation may be it is impossible to say, but we have little idea that the proposed measures will be adopted at present.

——— An Exchange paper states that the Baptists have five missionaries in California, and the Presbyterians and Episcopalians, each, as many more. One Baptist writes home, that he has raised $10,000 for the relief of the church from debt. Another writes that he has been preaching by invitation in the circus tent of Col. Mann. He says that it was always well filled with an attentive congregation. The tent blew down on the 4th of July, whereupon a worthy Spaniard offered the missionary his house to preach in. At the suggestion of this gentleman, the Americans have drawn up a petition for the use of one of the deserted cathedrals for the purposes of worship. Why do not the Unitarians send a missionary to labor in that part of the Far West?

THE PEACE CONGRESS. A Committee of the Peace Congress at Frankfort, have set out on a visit to Holstein and Denmark, to persuade the Governments of the Duchies and Denmark to put an end to the war. The committee consists of Elihu Burritt of America, and Messrs Sturge and Richards of England.

SIGNS OF IMPROVEMENT. Statistics show that crime, in the State of Maine, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, Virginia, and New York, decreased, on an average, between the years of 1837 and 1845, about 50 per cent. A large portion of the crime committed was by Foreigners.

THE SLAVE TRADE IN BRAZIL. Intelligence has reached England that the Chamber of Deputies, at Rio Janeiro, had come to the repolution that the traffic in slaves was *piracy*, and that therefore, the most stringent steps would be taken to put an end to the inhuman traffic.

OCEAN STEAMERS. The contest, which is now going on for superiority in steamships between England and America, as represented by Cunard and Collins, is regarded with a good deal of interest upon the other side of the Atlantic, and not only in Great Britain, but on the Continent. The following is translated by an exchange paper from 'La Presse.' We hope no accidents will occur in the contest.

"The arrivals from the United States succeed each other with admirable rapidity. The contest is definitely engaged between the American Company of Collins and the English Company of Cunard—the great Cunard—as Sir Robert Peel once called him. The *Hibernia*, of the Cunard line, arrived on Monday evening, after a passage of eleven days and some hours. The *Atlantic*, of the Collins line, which arrived the day before yesterday, performed the same voyage in ten days and eight hours. This is the quickest trip known. However great and legitimate may be the reputation of Cunard, and however magnificient the exploits which he may have accomplished during the last ten years by an intrepidity and a regularity never at fault, it is evident that the Americans are about to win from the English the only triumph which yet remained for them to win. This may be inferred from what Collins has already achieved. With only two boats, he makes a perfectly regular service every three weeks between Europe and America. The English, it may well be presumed, do not cross their arms in presence of this formidable competition. Since the opening of the Spring, Cunard has added a boat to his line, and the whole five, except perhaps the *Cambria*, make the trips now with a rapidity considered not long ago as impossible. The average two years ago was fourteen days. It is now hardly twelve, and trips of eleven days have become so frequent, and of such regularity, that at Liverpool and New York the least delay of an arrival excites surprise. Collins declares that very soon he will cross the Atlantic in nine days. That day will mark the defeat of the English line, especially if, as the American journals assure, the Collins boats have the advantage in space, elegance, and comfort. However this may be, we have here a beautiful strife; and it is painful to say, that in France we seem not to care or to know anything about it."

TEMPLE FOR MR. CALHOUN'S STATUE. The Charleston papers state that if the statue of Mr. Calhoun, which sunk in the wreck of the ship *Elizabeth*, is not recovered, the City Council of Charleston have resolved to obtain another statue from Powers, of the same character, which can easily be done, as the artist has the model from which the last statue was wrought, and from which another can be furnished. The City Council have also resolved to build a Temple, wherein to enshrine the statue, and they have adopted a plan, the architect of which proposes to introduce gas into the building at night, so managed as to throw a delicate and beautiful light around the statue; and pedestals will be placed at the angles of the building, supporting vases, in which are to be cultivated plants and flowers, emblematic of the constant and living respect of the Palmetto State for the memory of her noblest Statesman.

NAMES OF TOWNS. The New York Tribune mentions as a remarkable fact, that there are *seven* Uticas in the United States. The Springfield Republican quotes the statement, and adds:

There are a number of names of towns in the country, each of which applies to more than seven distinct localities. There are twenty-five *Washingtons*, five *Adams*, twelve *Jeffersons*, fourteen *Monroes*, eighteen *Jacksons*, twelve *Jacksonvilles*, eleven *Van Burens*, five *Harrisons*, three *Tylers*, but no Polks, Taylors, or Fillmores as yet. There are no less than twenty *Springfields*—four of them in New England—besides eight *Springvilles*, which help to bother the Postmasters, particularly when the State is not designated on letters.

FOREIGN LETTERS. The British Post-Office Department has heretofore sent all letters for this country, by their own (the Cunard line of) steamers, except when the letters bore a special direction to go by the American steamers. The effect of this was to deprive our steamers of all the mail carriage. But now an arrangement has been made between the Post-office Departments of the two countries by which all letters will be sent by the first steamer that sails, whether it be American or English. This is just and equitable.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on Tuesday last, at the Church in Church Green, by the Rev Dr Young, Rev John T. G. Nichols, of Saco, Me. to Miss Caroline M, daughter of Wm Tucker, Esq. of Boston.

On Tuesday, 1st inst, by Rev Dr Gannett, Dr J. B. Whitridge, of Charleston, S C. to Miss Caroline Hammond, second daughter of Daniel Hammond, Esq. of this city.

Sept 30, by Rev Dr Lowell, Wm W. Clapp, Jr. to Caroline, second daughter of Geo. Dennie, all of this city.

In Roxbury, by Rev Dr Putnam, Mr Charles L. White to Miss Pamelia H. Robertson.

In Dorchester, 1st inst, by Rev F. D. Huntington, Mr Geo A. Phillips, of Roxbury, to Miss Mary W. daughter of John G. Nazro, Esq. of D.

In Quincy, 22d ult, by Rev Mr Lunt, Mr Edward Turner to Miss Emeline F. only daughter of the late Eben V. Gay, of Boston.

In Andover, 18th ult, by Rev Prof. Edwards A. Park, Rev Geo B. Little, of Bangor, Me. to Miss Sarah Edwards, daughter of the late Rev Elias Cornelius.

In the Church of the 1st Congregational Society in Northboro', by the pastor Rev J Allen, Rev S Payson Fay, of Hampton, N. H. to Miss L. Maria Brigham, daughter of Mr A. M. Brigham, of Westboro'; Oct 1, by the same, Mr Charles W. Barnes to Miss Nancy M. Warren, of N.

DEATHS.

In this city, 1st inst, Mr Rowland Christy, 79 yrs.

29th ult, Emma Louisa, infant daughter of Mr Jonas Ball.

In Charlestown, Sept 15, Miss Betsey H. Farmer, 28 yrs.

In Milton, Rice Cowle, 8 mos 1 day, child of Rice Cowle, of Belchertown.

In Salem, Mrs Mary Porter, a revolutionary pensioner, 94 yrs; 23d ult. Mrs Mary, widow of the late Mr John Chandler, 73 yrs; Capt Joseph Ropes, 79 yrs 9 mos.

In Lancaboro', 13th ult, Mrs Deborah G. Baker, 74 years, relict of Bethuel Baker, Esq. and sister of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Griswold.

In Newport, R. I. 23d ult, Miss Agnes B. youngest daughter of the late Gilbert Stuart.

In Washington, D. C. 15th ult, Mrs Angelina, wife of Dr. Richard Coolidge, U. S. Army, 29 yrs.

Massachusetts Cincinnati.

☞ The Standing Committee of the MASSACHUSETTS CINCINNATI, in conformity with a vote of the Society, give notice exclusively to the Widows and Orphans of deceased Members, and to such of their Brethren who need assistance, to make application to either of the Committee, before Nov. 4, 1850. Those Widows and Orphans who may apply, must state who were their husbands, and who were their Fathers.

THE COMMITTEE,

Messrs. Robert G. Shaw, Wm. Perkins, John Bryant, Thos. Jackson, Adams Bailey, John Homans, Henry K. Hancock, James W. Sever, and Thos. Seward, of *Boston*; Alfred L. Baury, of *Newton*; Henry A. S. Dearborn, of *Roxbury*; Lovett Peters, of *Westborough*; Charles S. Davies, of *Portland*; Seth Drew, of *Kingston*; Edmund T. Hastings, of *Medford*; Zibeon Hooker, of *Sherburne*; and Elijah Vose, of *Dorchester*, are, by this advertisement, notified to meet, in the UNITED STATES HOTEL, in this city, on THURSDAY, Nov. 7, 1850, at Ten o'clock, A. M.

ADAMS BAILEY, *Recorder.*

oct5 5tis

☞ NOTICE.—Worcester County Auxiliary Bible Society. The Treasurer acknowledges the receipt of donations and contributions—

From Congregational Church, E. Douglas, by Wm. C. Capron, Treas'r of Harmony Conference,	$25 00
Evangelical Society, Westboro', by Otis Newton, Treasurer,	82 60
Methodist Episcopal Church, Southbridge, by Rev. Mr McReading,	10 37
Congregational Society, Northbridge, by Rev. Mr. Bates,	9 30
B. S. in First Congregational Society, by Rev. Dr. Nelson,	38 67
Stephen Salisbury, Worcester,	100 00
First Congregational Society, Dudley, by Rev. Dr. Bates,	12 67
Salem street Society, Worcester, by John Calvin Newton,	18 80
Calvinist Society, Worcester, by Deacon Sanford,	6 87
Miss Walde, Worcester, by Dea. E. H. Sanford,	100 00
Mrs. Salisbury, Worcester, by do,	100 00
Worcester, Oct. 5.	$584 28

☞ UNITARIAN CONVENTION.—The undersigned, a Committee of the Third Congregational Society in Springfield, to make arrangements to receive and provide for all who may attend the Unitarian Convention, to be held at Springfield, on October 15th, 16th and 17th, hereby give notice that ample accommodations will be made for all Clergymen, Laymen, and friends who may visit Springfield on that occasion. A committee will be in attendance at the chapel of the society, where our friends are requested to report themselves on their arrival.

JAMES M. THOMPSON,
JOHN MILLS, Jr.
HENRY SMITH,
EDWARD SAVAGE,
SAM'L. BOWLES, Jr.
HENRY VOSE,
GEORGE WALKER,
Committee.

Springfield, Sept 28.

☞ PRIVATE BOARD. Gentlemen and Ladies or families travelling, and visiting the city for a few days or weeks, will find pleasant accommodations at the house of the Publisher of this paper, No. 1 Bedford Place. may18

☞ AUTUMNAL CONVENTION.—The Autumnal Convention of Unitarian Clergymen and Laymen will be held at Springfield on the 15th, 16th and 17th days of October. Our friends in Springfield anticipate a full attendance; and it is hoped that delegates will be sent from all our societies.

Persons attending the Convention will be furnished with railroad tickets from Boston to Springfield, and the way stations from Boston to Worcester, at half the usual price.

☞ Tickets may be procured at CROSBY & NICHOLS's, 111 Washington street, and may be used from Tuesday, 15th, to Saturday, 19th, inclusive.

CALVIN LINCOLN,
Chairman of the Com. of Arrangements.

oct5

NOTICE.—The Middlesex Sunday School Society will hold its Ninth Annual Meeting at the First Church, Lexington, (Rev Mr Barrett's,) on Wednesday, the 9th Oct. The meeting will be opened precisely at half-past nine.

The annual Report of the Secretary will be presented in the morning. A discussion will be held, and the officers of the society elected.

At 2, P.M. the society will assemble for public worship. A sermon will be preached by Rev John Pierpont, of Medford. Teachers and friends of the Sunday School are invited to attend.

F. A. WHITNEY,
sept28 2is Sec'y. M. S. S. Society.

☞ NOTICE TO SUPERINTENDENTS.—Superintendents are respectfully requested to bring, or send, to the meeting as above, such corrections in the statistical table published in the last Report, as shall render it accurate for the present year.

NOTICE. Convention of Ministers at Large.—There will be a Convention of the Ministers at Large of New England held in this city, on Tuesday next, October 8th.

The Brethren will meet at the house of Rev. A. Bigelow, D. D., 3 Hancock street, at 11 o'clock, A.M.

H. WOOD, Sec'y. pro. tem.

☞ WANTED.—Copies of the "Christian Register" of April 7th, 1849, (No. 14,) are wanted at this office. Persons who have this number to spare, will do the Publisher a kindness by forwarding them by mail, or otherwise, directed "Christian Register, Boston." aug24

NEW DRY GOODS!

OPENING AT THE

SILK AND SHAWL WAREHOUSE,
66 HANOVER STREET,
Old Stand of C. F. Bagley & Co.,

A large and complete assortment of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS,

Silks, Shawls, Cloaks, Dress Goods, Thibets, Velvets, Cashmeres, Blankets, Flannels, Quilts, Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings, American Goods, &c.

STUART & FORBES,
oct5 tf 66 HANOVER ST.

Family Boarding School for Boys,

AT JAMAICA PLAIN, ROXBURY,
CORNER OF POND AND CENTRE STREETS.

THE undersigned gives notice that his School will open for the ensuing year on the 21st of October, at which time a few more pupils, designed for College or the Counting Room, can be received. The course of study preparatory to College and to Mercantile pursuits, is equal, respectively, to that of the Public Latin and High Schools, Boston.

The Institution, of which C. W. Greene, Esq. was for many years the proprietor, is believed to combine advantages in respect to location, buildings, grounds, and whatever is requisite for the health, recreation and comfort of the pupils, unsurpassed by those of any establishment of the kind in the State.

Reference is made to Rev. Alexander H. Vinton, D.D., Boston; Wm. B. Fowle, Esq., Boston; and Prof. Joseph Lovering, A.M., Cambridge.

oct5 1is.3tos C. M. VINSON.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. No. 334. 12½ cents.

CONTENTS.

1. Francis the First and his Times—British Quarterly Review.
2. Round Island, off Mauritius—New Monthly Magazine.
3. Norfolk Island—United Service Magazine.
4. Louis Phillipe—Spectator.
5. A Record of Rambouillet—Gentleman's Magazine.
6. The Miracle-Play in the Ammergan—Ladies' Companion.
7. The Lion Huntress of Belgravia—Punch.

With Short Articles and Poetry.

☞ A new volume has just commenced.

Published weekly, at Six Dollars a Year, by E. LITTELL & CO., corner of Tremont and Bromfield sts.

Oct 5.

A GUIDE TO THE SAVIOUR; or the Inquirer Assisted in the ways of Salvation, by Rev. Amos Sutton, D.D., author of "The Family Chaplain," "A Narrative of the Orissa Mission," etc. 16mo. cloth; price 25c. Just published and for sale by GOULD, KENDALL & LINCOLN, 59 Washington street oct5

BOOKS IN PRESS.

CROSBY & NICHOLS have in press, and will shortly publish, Memoirs of the late Rev. James H. Perkins, by Wm. H. Channing, with selections from his writings, 2 vols. 12mo. A Study for Young Men, a Sketch of the Life of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, 1 vol. Humboldt's Letters to a Lady, with a preface by the American editor, 1 vol. Christian Consolation, by Rev. A. P. Peabody, a new edition, enlarged. 111 Washington street.

oct5

Exposition des Nouveautes
—AT THE—

LADIES' EXCHANGE,

192 WASHINGTON STREET,
AND 1 HAWLEY STREET, BOSTON.

GEO. W. WARREN & CO.
RESPECTFULLY GIVE NOTICE
—OF THE—
ARRIVAL AND OPENING
of their large importation of

Rich and Fashionable Goods,

FOR THEIR FALL SALES,

Being selections from all the new and choice styles of LONG AND SQUARE

SHAWLS,

DRESS & CLOAK SILKS,

CASIMERES D'ECOSSE, MOUSSELINES DE LAINE, and all other new Dress Fabrics, Cloak Goods, Velvets, Thibets, Cashmeres and Merinos; Embroideries; Laces; Scarfs.

MOURNING GOODS,
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

HOSIERY, GLOVES, etc., etc., which are to appear this Season in Paris and London.

—ALSO—

A COMPLETE STOCK OF STAPLE GOODS,

Linen Sheetings, of all widths; Linen Shirtings and Frontings; Damasks and Damask Cloths; Napkins and Doylies to match; Blankets, Pinnels, Counterpanes, Cottons, Furnitures, Table and Piano Cloths, and all other

HOUSE FURNISHING ARTICLES,

in all of which we are careful to have fabrics which will give satisfaction.

Having added a new building, ONE HUNDRED FEET LONG, two stories high, for our Wholesale Trade, thus extending our store through to Hawley street, and our refitted our former Store, exclusively for our Retail Trade, we have now

THE LONGEST STORE
IN THE UNITED STATES,

being 250 feet by 31, and well filled with the richest and best selected Stock it has ever been our pleasure to present to our friends and customers; and a price has been affixed to each article, which we feel assured will be perfectly satisfactory to the buyer.

ONE PRICE ONLY.

sept21 6wis GEO. W. WARREN & CO

At Home.

DR. MORTON, Surgeon Dentist, No. 19 Tremont Row opposite the Boston Museum, will personally employ his discovery (Ether,) extract and fill teeth, and insert his beautiful artificial ones, without the slightest pain.

july 27 eoptf

CLASSICAL AND MATHEMATICAL SCHOOL.

THE Subscriber will, on MONDAY, Sept. 2d, re-open his School, at 37½ Tremont Row, for the preparation of lads for the Freshman Class, or for advanced standing in the University, or for business.

Believing that, however indispensable abundant knowledge may be for a teacher, however valuable facility in imparting instruction, still the ability to penetrate character and control motives, to inspire the love of knowledge and of self-improvement, is his highest qualification, the undersigned aims to employ assiduously these great means of education. And as intelligence is a high result of education, and steady habits of application a better, and faculties well disciplined to accuracy and sustained force the highest, he devotes himself to these great objects of the training of the mind, while he strives to conduct to right issues that of the heart.

Terms—$375 per quarter.

Parents and Guardians are referred to either of the following gentlemen—Jared Sparks, LL. D., Prof. C. C. Felton, Hon. Peleg Sprague, Hon. Josiah Quincy, Jr., Charles G. Loring, Esq., Rev. Wm. M. Rogers, George M. Dexter, Esq., John T. Heard, Esq.

august31 6tis7os WM. H. BROOKS.

ORCHARD HILL SCHOOL.

ORCHARD HILL FAMILY BOARDING SCHOOL. Mr. and Mrs. Mack, formerly of Cambridge, have opened their Boarding School in a new house planned and furnished expressly for the accommodation of twelve pupils. Their course of instruction will embrace the Ancient and Modern Languages, and the English branches usually pursued in Academies.

The house is situated in Watertown, near the Watertown and West Cambridge Depot, on the FITCHBURG RAILROAD, six miles from Boston, in the midst of extensive and diversified grounds, in the immediate vicinity of the well known Wellington Hill, commanding a wide and beautiful prospect; is well warmed, well ventilated, and supplied with an abundance of pure spring water in each story; also a bathing room, containing a douche, shower bath, &c., &c.

Music, Drawing, Dancing, &c., by the best Teachers in Boston.

The Second Quarter commences Monday Sept. 16th.

REFERENCES.—Prof. Beck, Rev. R. M. Hodges, Cambridge, Jas. Brown, Esq., (Little & Brown.) Boston.

For further particulars, address Mr. and Mrs. Mack, care of S. O. Mead, Esq., Boston. tf marc16

Dr. Bauer, Dentist,

—AND—

TEACHER IN THE ART OF DENTISTRY.

Office No. 561 Washington street, Boston.

A new method of inserting artificial teeth, on fine Gold plates, without extracting the roots, of pivoting damaged, and of restoring decayed teeth, in the most durable manner, or of extracting them, *without pain*, and at very low prices

Dr. Bauer in recommending his professional aid to the Boston community, begs leave to remark, that by a thorough, regular education and study in the best Universities in Germany, his long practice there, as also by several years practising with the most skilful dentists in the United States, he has acquired an experience in this art which places him among the most eminent in his profession. Dr. Bauer offers his services to insert artistical mineral teeth on fine Gold plates, pivoting with purest Gold, and to heal or extract sensitive and decayed teeth, and in each and every branch in which the aid of a practical dentist is required. Dr. B. has made it a particular rule that every patient receives a written guarantee stating the nature of the operation performed, the purity of the gold, and the genuineness of the inserted teeth, as also the term of years he warrants his work to last, and moreover he keeps a legal record in his office of his professional labors.

The skill resulting from a long practice, and the suitable accommodation in his office, enable him to execute every order, of whatever nature in dentistry it is, to the full satisfaction, as he flatters himself, of his patrons, and at the very lowest cash prices.

Gold Filling one Tooth,	$ 50
Setting on Pivot with fine gold,	1 50
Setting on Plate with fine gold,	2 50
Extracting one Tooth,	25
Cleansing "	50
Extracting with Chloroform,	50
Half Set of Single Teeth, fine gold,	25 00
Whole Set of Single Teeth, fine gold,	50 00
Whole Set of Double Teeth,	60 00

☞ Teeth will be repaired at the lowest prices.

may4

Jewett & Prescott's
SILK AND SHAWL STORE,
No. 2 MILK STREET, BOSTON.

Improved and Re-stocked for the Autumn Trade of 1850.

THE Proprietors have just completed suitable improvements in their store, and have secured an assortment of NEW SHAWLS, SILKS & CLOAK GOODS, of the most beautiful description. We accordingly ask the attention of *all Purchasers* to our new importations of

Black and fancy col'd Dress Silks, all widths,
Satins and Satins de Chine, for Cloaks and Dresses,
Long and Square Shawls, in the greatest variety,
Elegant Paris Cloaks and Sacks,
Thibet Cloths and French Merinos,
Silk and Woolen Fabrics, of all kinds, for Cloaks,
Marceline Silks, and other Goods for trimming Cloaks,
Cashmere Scarfs, all sizes, colors and styles,
Wide Silk Velvets, black and colored,
Mourning Shawls and *Silk Goods*,
Bombazines, *Alpaccas*, *Silk Warp Thibets*, *&c. &c.*

Comprising the most extensive assortment of *French, Swiss and German DRY GOODS*, to which public attention has been invited in Boston.

JEWETT & PRESCOTT,
sep7 2mis1os No 2 Milk Street.

New Fashionable Upholstery
AND FURNITURE STORE
EDWARD HIXON,
170 Washington Street, Boston,

WOULD inform his friends and the public that addition to his Store No. 71 Cornhill, he has taken the spacious building 170 Washington Street, opposite Bromfield Street, where will be found at all times the

CHOIC

POETRY.

Filey Bridge.

THE LITTLE BAIT GATHERER.

On Filey Bridge I sat alone,
Upon a summer's day,
Till on that long dark bridge of stone
The light of evening lay.

And there was silence all aroumd,
But for the sea-bird's cry,
And waves that told, with warning sound,
The flowing tide was nigh.

They struck and struck, with solemn shock,
Each louder than the last,
As on the lonely bridge of rock
The sea was rising fast.

Even so, with life's advancing years,
Returning birthdays come,
Telling to man's unwilling ears,
That this is not his home.

The waves were breaking all in foam,
In the dark northern bay;
The south between me and my home,
Smooth as the mirror lay.

And sunset hues were gleaming bright
Over the rising sea;
So days of age in heavenly light,
May sweet and placid be.

A little lass in wild attire,
In russet cloak and hood,
Came onward softly creeping nigher,
'Till by my side she stood.

And then she said "It 's time to go,
The tide will soon be here:"
Homeward we wend our pathway slow,
The sea still flowing near.

She had a basket on her arm,
To gather bait she went;
A little child, she feared no harm,
There by her father sent.

Yet "once," she said, "too long I staid,
And high the waters grew."
"What then?"—"O! I was not afraid,
I thought my father knew."

"I thought my father saw me there,
Would send a boat from shore;—
But it grew dark, I did not dare
To stay there any more.

"Look at that cliff, I often knew
Rabbits run up on high,
And sheep were climbing on it too,
And so I thought might I."

"Were you not frightened there to pass,
So steep a way to find?"
"Oh no," replied the little lass,
"I never looked behind."

And such, thought I, should Christians be,
In danger not afraid,
Trusting their Father's eye to see,
Their Father's hand to aid.

And when he bids them climb the hill,
That leads them to their home;
Then let them say, obedient still,
"Father to thee I come."

Nor look behind on evil, past,
But onward, onward, gaze;
And not a glance be downward cast
O'er earth's dark dreary ways.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

'I am going round by Broad street to inquire of Ross, the glover, about little Lucy Wendall.'

'Lucy Wendall! Who is she?'

'She is a pretty little Dutch girl, who lived opposite to me in that bit of a little dwelling, that looks like a crack or a seam between the two houses on each side of it. She lived with her grand parents, natives of this city, and once proprietors of many a lot within it; but they had been out-bargained and out-witted till they were reduced to this little tenement some twenty feet by fifteen. Their only surviving descendant was my little friend Lucy, a pretty fair-skinned, fair-haired, blue-eyed girl, of a most modest, quiet, engaging demeanor. For many months after we moved to State street, I knew nothing of the family; but, from such observations as my eye could take, neatness was the ruling passion of the house-hold. Their only servant Minerva (the goddess of wisdom should have known better), used to scrub the house weekly from garret to cellar; their only carpet was shook every Saturday; the steps were scoured daily, and I never in my life saw the old woman without a dusting cloth in her hand. Such a war of extermination did she carry on against the intruding particles that my friend E. used to say, it must be hard to think of 'turning to dust.'

Lucy had no visitors, no companions; and of the only indulgence of the old people, which was sitting on the stoop, every pleasant afternoon, according to the ancient Dutch custom, she never partook. She never "went out," excepting on Sunday to church, and then she reminded me of one of those bright, pretty flowers, that hang on the cragged, bare stems of the cactus. I pitied her, her spring of life seemed passing away so drearily. My pity was misapplied; and I felt it to be so when I looked into her serene and sweet countenance and saw there the impress of that happiness which certainly flows from duties religiously performed. It is a great matter, Grace, to have your desires bounded within your station; to be satisfied with the quiet, unnoticed performance of the duties Providence has allotted to you, and not to waste your efforts or strength in seeking to do good, or to obtain pleasure beyond your sphere. This is true wisdom; and this was Lucy Wendall's. At last there came to this obscure family, what comes to all, death and its changes. The old man and his wife died within a few days of each other, of the influenza that raged in the city. The hope of serving the pretty orphan induced me to go to the house. She received me gratefully, and as an old friend; for though we had never exchanged a word together, there had been an interchange of kind looks and friendly nods—those little humanities that bind even strangers together. On inquiry into affairs, I found that she was left almost penniless, but a discreet and kind female friend had procured a place for her in Ross's glove factory. Lucy was skilled in all the art and handicraft of the needle. Ross, it seems is a very thriving tradesman; and to the warm recommendation of Lucy's friend he had promised to board her in his own family, and allow her sufficient compensation for her labor.

In a few days she removed to her new home. It is now fifteen months since she left our street. She came once to tell me she was perfectly satisfied with her place, and since then I have heard nothing of her. Do not look so reproving, my lady Mentor. I have been intending for some time to call at Mr. Ross's to make inquiries about her. My story has brought us almost to the shop; 'John Ross, glove manufacturer.' This must be the place. Stop one moment, Grace, and look through the window; that man, no doubt, is Ross himself. What a fine head! You might know such a man would succeed in the world, let his lot be cast where it would. He would have made a resolute general, a safe statesman; but here he is an honest, thriving glover, and that, perhaps, is just as well; nothing truer than the trite old couplet—

'Honor and fame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.'

'The old man looks as though he might be a little tyrannical, though. Heaven grant poor Lucy may not have suffered from that trait in his physiognomy.'

'The old customer is coming out; now we have a clear field, let us go in.'

'Mr. Ross, I believe.'

'The same, ma'am.'

'I came, Mr Ross, to inquire after a young woman who came to live with you last Christmas.'

'I have had a great many young women living with me, ma'am.'

'The old man's humor requires me to be explicit. Her name, Mr. Ross, was Lucy Wendall.'

'Ay, Lucy Wendall did come into the factory about that time.'

There was an expression in Ross's face at the mention of her name, that might betide good, and it might betide evil of Lucy. I merely wished to know, Mr. Ross, whether Lucy had given satisfaction, and whether she still remains with you.'

'Was you a friend to Lucy Wendall, ma'am?'

'I should think it an honor to call myself so, but I could hardly claim that name. She was my neighbor, and interested me by her correct deportment, and uncommon dutifulness to her old parents.'

Ross made no reply, but fumbled over some gloves that were on the counter, then tied up the bundle and laid it on the shelf.

'You seem Mr. Ross, not disposed to answer my inquiry. I am afraid some accident has happened to the poor girl.'

'Would you like to know, ma'am, what has happened to her?' He leaned his elbow on his desk, and seemed about to begin a story.

'Certainly I would.'

'Well, you know, when Lucy Wendall came to me, she was a little demure thing—not a beauty, but so comely and so tidy, that she was a pretty resting-place for the eye of old or young. She was as great a contrast to the other girls in the work-shop, as white is to black. She just sat quiet in one corner and minded her work, and took no part in their gabbling. You know what a parcel of girls are, ma'am, dinging away from morning to night, like forty thousand chimney swallows. Lucy was very different; she made herself neat and tidy in the morning, and did not lose half an hour at noon when the prentice boys were coming to dinner, twitching out curl papers and furbelowing her hair. The boys and girls used to have their joke about her, and call her the little parson; but she only preached in her actions, and that is what I call practical preaching, ma'am. She was a little master workman at her needle. I never had a match for her since I began business; but (you know there's always a *but* in this life,) she gave me great offence. She crossed me where I could least bear to be crossed.'

'Not intentionally, I am sure, Mr. Ross.'

'You shall hear, ma'am. I have an only son—John Ross, a fine, fresh-looking, good-natured, industrious lad. I set my heart on his marrying his cousin Amy Bruce. She is the daughter of my youngest sister, and had a pretty fortune in hand, enough to set John up in any business he fancied. There was no reason in the world why he should not like Amy. I had kept my wishes to myself, because I knew that young folks' love is like an unbroken colt, that will not mind spur nor bit. I never mistrusted that any thing was going wrong, till one day I heard the girls making a great wonderment about a canary bird that they found when they went in the morning into the workshop, in a cage hanging over Lucy's seat; and then I remembered that John had asked me for five dollars the day before, and when I asked what he wanted it for, he looked sheepish and made no answer. I thought it prudent before matters went any further to tell John my wishes about his cousin Amy. My wishes, ma'am, I have always made a law to my children. To be sure, I have taken care, for the most, that they should be reasonable. I am a little wilful, I own it; but it is young folks' business to mind; and 'children obey your parents,' is the law both of scripture and of nature. So I told John—I did not hint my suspicions about Lucy, but I told him this marriage with his cousin he could have no objection to, what I had long set my heart upon, and what he must set about without delay on peril of my displeasure. He was silent and looked downcast; but saw that I was determined, and I believed he would not disobey me. A few evenings after I saw a light in the workshop after the usual time. I went to inquire into it. I had on my slippers, and my steps made little or no sound. The upper part of the door was set with glass. I saw Lucy finishing off a pair of gloves—my son was standing by her. It appears that they were for him, and he insisted upon her trying them on his hand. Hers, poor thing, seemed to tremble. The glove would not go on, but it came off, and their hands met without *gloves*, and a nice fit they were.

'I burst in upon them. I asked John if this was his obedience to me, and I told Lucy to quit my service immediately. Now the whole matter is past, I must do John the justice to say he stood by her like a man. He had given his heart and promised his hand to Lucy, and she owned she loved him—him who was not worthy of her love. He said, too, something of my being a kind father and a kind man; and he would not believe that the first case of my doing a wrong would be to the orphan girl whom Providence had placed under our roof. Ma'am, you will wonder that I hardened my heart to all this, but you know that anger is a short madness, and so it is; and, besides, there is nothing makes us so deaf to reason and true feeling, as the strong sense we are wilfully doing wrong. I was harsh, and John lost his temper, and poor Lucy cried, and was too frightened to speak; it ended by my telling Lucy she should not stay another day in my house, and John, that if he did not obey me, my curse should be upon him.

"The next morning they had both cleared out, and everybody thought they had gone off to get married, and so I believed till night, when John came in like a distracted man, and said he had been all day speaking to Lucy in vain—that the only friend she had in the city knew nothing of her—and when I answered "So much the better," he accused me of cruelty, and then followed high words, such as never should pass between father and son; and it ended in my turning him from my door. I do not wonder you turn away—but hear me. Saturday night three days after, John came home an altered man. He was as humble as if he only had been wrong. He begged pardon, and promised to obey me in all things but marrying Amy Bruce. "I give up Lucy, father," said he, "but I cannot marry any body else." I forgave him, from the bottom of my heart I forgave him—and I longed to ask him to forgive me—but I have not come to that yet. I asked him what had brought him back to duty. He put into my hands a letter he had received from Lucy. She had persevered in not seeing him—but such a letter, ladies! If ministers could so speak to the heart there would be no sin in the world. She said she deserved to suffer for carrying matters so far without my knowledge. She spoke of me as the kindest of fathers, and the kindest of masters. Then she spoke of the duty a child owed a parent—said she should never have any peace of mind till she heard we were reconciled; and told him it would be in vain for him to seek her, for she had solemnly resolved never to see him again. The paper was blistered with tears from the top to the bottom; but saving and excepting that, ma'am, there was nothing from which you could guess what it cost her to write the letter.

"I could not stand it; my heart melted within me, I found her that very night, and without loss of time brought her back to my house, and there," he added, walking hastily to the farther end of the shop and throwing open a door that led into a back parlor, "there, ma'am, is the long and short of it." And there was one of the most touching scenes of human life. My pretty, dutiful friend become a wife and mother, her infant in her arms, and her husband sitting beside her, watching the first intimations of intelligence and love in its bright little face. Such should be the summer of happiness when the spring is consecrated to virtue.

So IT SEEMS.—Namely, that the world is not to be made much better by grumbling and growling at its faults and follies. We have seen men try to improve their families by incessant grumbling at whatever went wrong, but we never knew it to do any good, but rather much harm. Suppose we try another tack, and lead others on by a good example. [N. Y. Organ.

THE CHILD AND THE SABBATH SCHOOL. Grace transforms the child's nature into angel purity; so the instrumentality of the Sabbath School transplants the child from the world into the Church. Let us love *the child and the Sabbath School*; for the one is made to resemble angels by the church compelling influences of the other.

Young and old, will they remember the story of the three loving little birds who sat on one tree!

The first sung, "I love you."
And the second sung "I love you."
And the third sung "Show it! Show it."

MORAL INFLUENCE OF GARDENING.

If there were any doubt as to the influence of gardening on the minds and general habits of the working classes, the simple fact that the clergy of all denominations are foremost in the ranks of its patrons and promoters should convince us of its beneficial tendency; but a transitory glance at the inmates of the cottage where the garden is neatly cultivated is enough to show that the concomitants of industry—comfort and prudence—reign over the affairs of the place. In a work, which we hardly recollect the subject of, there was almost a sermon comprised in a single sentence. It is strongly impressed on our memory, and is pertinent to the matter here. The author says: "Gardening is the most rational of recreations. It teaches forethought, and economy of time. It exerts the mind, invigorates the frame, and constantly reminds us of the great God whose hand is imprinted on every leaf, and who, in his bountiful goodness, rewards us with the faults of the earth. To teach the cottager to manage his garden, is to lead him to happiness. To induce the higher classes to love flowers, is to find them innocent gratification, and provide employment for thhusands." There is truth in every word of this. "Gardening is the most rational of all recreations." It is healthful, and every hour expended in it as an occupation is rewarded by the effect of it on the crops. The industry bestowed on a garden is always profitable, and the profit sweeteens labor. It is a sorry thing to contemplate the hours that are wasted by the laboring classes in those places where there are no gardens, and it is scarcely to be helped. What is a man to do when he leaves his work? It is not to be supposed that he can sit down quietly for hours; yet what can he occupy his mind with? He may while away some of the time with reading; but reading, notwithstanding cheap literature, is expensive.—He seeks in society the amusements which he cannot find alone, and society can only be found at the public house; then there is a double evil, because, besides the waste of precious hours, there is a necessary expenditure; or, perhaps, he resorts to the skittle ground, the bagatelle table, or other gambling amusements, in which case the loss to his family is far more serious.—Man is a social animal, and, unless he has occupation, he gets into mischief. It is almost certain that a man without a garden goes to the public house; and he cannot do so without spending money, which would be useful on his children's back, or in the purchase of household comforts. Many an industrious man, unused to tippling, has been totally ruined by his leisure; and it is much to be regretted that there are no means of profitably employing the interval between business and bed time. If a man has his garden, he blends amusement with labor, and profit with both. Gardening teaches forethought, because all the operations are performed with a view to the future. We sow because we desire to reap. We plan all our affairs with regard to some ulterior, not a present result; and this gives us a habit of thinking and of calculation. A piece of ground is no sooner cleared of its crop than we begin to consider what is the best thing to occupy it with, and how soon it will be vacant again. Gardening exalts the mind; of this fact there can be no doubt. Every leaf and flower proclaims the wisdom and goodness of the Almighty. The man who can watch the progres of vegetation and the effects of the seasons without being impressed with a proper notion of his Maker's bounty, must be insensible to everything. Gardening invigorates the frame. There is hardly an exercise so healthful; the whole body is in motion in the different operations. The digging, hoeing, and weeding keep all the muscles in play; and it is admitted by all, that the smell of the newly turned earth is congenial to health; a fact proved also by the longevity and hearty lives of the agricultural laborers. The man who loves his garden wants no other amusement, and instead of wasting his substance in the very natural pursuit of occupation for his mind among companions similarly situated, he finds every shilling in his pocket, and the economy of his household greatly assisted by the crops in his garden; independently of which, there is downright enjoyment, in every sense of the word, from the time the ground is dug to the period of reaping the fruit. The clergy have seen this, and are, therefore, warm patrons of the science. They have seen, with great satisfaction, that to give a man a garden is to give him profitable occupation for his leisure hours, and keep him out of mischief; and they have always been foremost in the promotion of horticultural societies and allotments of land to the poor. It is gratifying to see the change that has been made in whole towns and villages by the allotment of horticultural societies and the encouragement of cottage gardening. It is also incredible to witness the improvement that a few allotments have made, and it is much to be regretted that there are not means taken to increase the number of gardens—for there are very few things that contribute so much to the changing of idlers and drunkards into useful members of society as the means they afford of profitably engaging their leisure time.—[Horticultural Magazine.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE BILL. The Traveller gives the following abstract of the Bill which has passed both Houses of Congress, and become the law of the land, respecting the giving up of fugitive slaves. The Bill contains ten sections.

1. The United States Commissioners are authorized and required to discharge all the powers and duties conferred by this act. 2, 3, and 4. The second, third and fourth sections provide, that the Superior Court of each territory of the United States shall have power to appoint Commissioners, with the same authority as that possessed by U. S. Commissioners, who are to be invested with current jurisdiction in relation to fugitives, with the judges of the Circuit and District Courts of the U. S. 5. Marshals and Deputies are required to execute all warrants and precepts, or other processes for the arrest and detention of fugitives, under penalty of a fine of $1,000 for the use of the claimant of such fugitive; and in case of the escape of a fugitive from the custody of a marshal, whether with or without his knowledge and connivance, said marshal is to be liable to a prosecution for the full value of the said fugitive. The Commissioners have also power to appoint suitable persons from time to time, to execute all such warrants and other processes needful for the arrest and detention of fugitives, with power to call on the *posse comitatus* for assistance, if needed. 6. The owner, or the attorney of any owner, or any fugitive slave is authorised to seize such fugitive, with or without warrant or process, and take him before the Commissioner, whose duty it shall be to determine the case in a summary manner; and on proof, by deposition or affidavit or other satisfactory testimony, of the escape and identify of said fugitive, and of the right of said claimant to the service of said fugitive, the Commissioner shall make out and deliver to said claimant, a certificate, setting forth the substantial facts in the case, with authority to use necessary force and restraint to take and remove such fugitive to the State or Territory from which he has escaped. The testimony of the fugitive is in no case to be admitted. 7. Any person who shall knowingly hinder the arrest of a fugitive, or shall conceal him, or attempt to rescue him after arrest, or assist such fugitive, directly or indirectly, to escape, shall be liable to a fine of $1,000 and six months' imprisonment, and to a suit for damages of $1,000 for each fugitive lost to his owner by said obstruction or rescue the same to be recovered by civil process. 8. This section relates to fees, &c., to be paid those concerned in the arrest of fugitives. 9. In case a rescue is apprehended, after the delivery of a fugitive to his master, the officer who effected the arrest may be required to take the slave to the place from whence he escaped, and to employ, at the expense of the U. S. Treasury, as many persons as may be necessary to prevent a rescue, until he can be delivered to his master in the State from which he fled. 10. The last section prescribes that on the escape of a slave, the master, or his attorney, may make satisfactory proof to such court or judge, in vacation, of his ownership of an escaped slave, whereupon the Court are required to issue an authenticated copy of said testimony, with a description of the person of the fugitive, and this authenticated testimony being exhibited to any judge, commissioner, or other officer authorized to act in the premises, shall be held as conclusive evidence of the escape of said slave and of the claimant's right to said fugitive, who shall be delivered up on this testimony to his master or his master's attorney.

FOR CHILDREN.

THE UNDERSTANDING AND THE HEART.

[A Family Dialogue, translated from Herder, with Omissions.]

"A father was sitting among his children who were making a long winter evening shorter by playing, talking and jesting. At this time their conversation had taken a very philosophical turn; for they were disputing about the understanding and the heart, in regard to the relative value of the impressions derived from each. They were, you perceive, very metaphysical children. The boys naturally adopted the side of the understanding, because they set out to be very sensible; but all the girls took part with the heart, and were for lodging the great working power lower down in man. So the boys illustrated their notion by drawing faces which were intended to represent every grade of intellect, while the girls cut out hearts with flames and wings, insisting that with the wings they swiftly flew, and with the flames kindled all around them and burnt forever.

When however, after long arguing they were unable to agree, they appealed to their father, who with two night-caps on his gray head was smoking his pipe among them, and thinking upon something else. He roused himself as from a dream, when this question was submitted to him by his boys and girls—'Which are the most true and lasting, perceptions or emotions—the impressions of the understanding, or those of the heart?'

'Which are the most true and lasting do you ask, perceptions or emotions?'—and he shoved his caps from side to side—'the impressions of the understanding or of the heart!'—and he took both of them off, laid them on the table, knocked out his pipe and continued, 'That is a difficult question, my children. I should like to know how you came to propose it.'

They agreed with one accord that it was also a very important question, and that the answer to it ought to fashion their whole plan of life, and furnish its form and basis. They wished to know precisely the relative worth of the understanding and the heart—where was the seat of each, and what were the qualities each was capable of accommodating—also whether the accommodations were convenient and durable.

'If that be all you want,' said the old gentleman, replacing his two night-caps, 'the affair is soon settled. Use the two rightly, my children, for the purposes that God bestowed them on you. Lay before the understanding whatever pertains to it, and do the same in regard to the heart. Seek to think rightly with the one, and to feel in purity and sincerity with the other, then will both your perceptions and sensations remain true and eternal. In short, make them both go hand in hand, as God has placed both in the same human being—the understanding in the head, the heart in the breast. Let your light therefore shine down on men from above, and let your lamp burn clear in the centre of your being. The heart must not gallop away without the head, neither must the head become a cold stone image, void of breast and heart. Thus will both at length meet together and become united, and through the two you will be rendered happy, while without this union you will always have your labor for your pains.

But what have you been making here boys—heads!—why heads! Did you ever see a head walk about without a trunk!—And you girls—what have you made!—winged hearts! Silly children! did you ever see burning hearts fly, or would the aimless flight prosper! Had you only painted an eye in the heart, I should not have objected to your symbol.'

'But father,' said the maidens, 'that is the very meaning of the flames and the wings; that which burns and flies has no need of an eye, it would do harm.' 'And do you not perceive, you little fools, that a heart flying without an eye flies all manner of ways, and may be pricked and wounded in all directions—moreover an ever-burning heart consumes itself.'

'But father, a heart all eye would be too fastidious and could fix itself nowhere, as whenever it came close to an object it would always see too much and have to take itself off again.'

'I did not say that your hearts ought to be *all* eye, but that they should have an eye in them, so as to know upon what to fix and where to fix securely. No wings, however, for heaven's sake; I cannot at all endure *winged* hearts. Your hearts ought to find rest and a firm standpoint, and they should be firm and faithful hearts, for no one would seek a heart which might alight somewhere else tomorrow.

'But lay aside this childish symbol, and draw for yourselves a beautiful temple of the heart, standing behind the beautiful open door of understanding. I will give you an inscription for both. Upon the boys' door shall be written, 'To the everlasting Intellect,' which includes the signification that its impressions must be true, else they could not be eternal. And upon the girls' tabernacle, or temple, shall be inscribed, 'To the good Heart,' signifying that the impressions of the heart must be in harmony with truth, else they can be neither good, nor agreeable, nor lasting. Boys, make your door firm and beautiful, and put a radiant sun over it. Girls, draw in your temple an altar to Innocence, with the pure flame of joy, gratitude, love and friendship rising from it, and wreathe the whole with becoming garlands, as you know how. Above all things, however, open your own souls to the impressions both of the intellect and of the heart.'

The old man here paused.

'Why are you so still and sorrowful all at once, father?' said the children.

'I am not sad, my children, but still, and and longing for a more perfect state of being. I was thinking of the difference between our speaking and living—in short, of what a poor thing human nature is here below. We are obliged to divide and to subdivide things that are united; I am old, and I long for that place where there are no more separations; where the heart and the intellect will be one, where the same door which leads into the pure intellect, will also be an entrance into the pure, perfect, happy heart—where the heart and the intellect will be no more separate, and all the faculties of the soul will harmonize together, as indeed they would here, did not our disunited sluggish bodies separate them. Prepare yourselves here below, my children, for the union of the understanding and the heart; then will your perceptions and emotions no longer change with the years, days and hours of your earthly lives, but perpetuate and confirm one another; and thus the impressions derived in friendship and in love from both, will remain beyond the grave, true, one and eternal.'

The old man knocked out his pipe, and all the opponents, both those who had contended for the understanding and those who had contended for the heart, retired to their beds calm and reconciled." L. O.

[Child's Friend.

THE ORPHAN BOY.

The bustle of the fight was over; the prisoners had been secured, and the decks washed down, the watch piped, and the schooner had once more relapsed into midnight quiet and repose. I sought my hammock and soon fell asleep. But my slumbers were disturbed by wild dreams, which like the visions of a fever, agitated and unnerved me; the last strife, the hardships of my early life, and a thousand other things mingled together as figures in a phantasmagoria. Suddenly a hand was laid on my shoulder, and starting up I beheld the surgeon's mate.

'Little Dick sir is dying,' he said.

At once I sprang from my hammock. Little Dick was a a sort of protege of mine. He was a pale, delicate child, said to be an orphan, and used to gentle nurture; and from the first hour I joined the schooner, my heart yearned towards him, for I too, had once been friendless, and alone in the world. He had often talked in confidence, of his mother, whose memory he regarded with holy reverence, while to the other boys of the ship, he had little to say; for they were rude and coarse, he, delicate and sensitive. Often, when they jeered him for his melancholy, he would go apart by himself and weep. He never complained of his lot, though his companions imposed on him continually. Poor lad! his heart was in the grave with his lost parents.

I took a strange interest in him, and had lightened his task as much as possible. During the late fight I had owed my life to him, for he rushed just as a sabre stroke was levelled at me; and by interposing his feeble cutlass had averted the deadly blow. In the hurry and confusion since, I had forgotten to inquire whether he was hurt, though, at the time, I had inwardly resolved to exert all my little influence to procure him a midshipman's warrant in requital for his service. It was with a pang of reproachful agony therefore, that I leaped to my feet.

'I fear, sir,' said the messenger, shaking his head, sadly, 'that he cannot live till morning.'

'And I have been lying idle hear!' I exclaimed with remorse 'Lead me to him.'

'He is delirious, but at the intervals of lunacy he asks for you sir,' and as the man spoke, we stood beside the bed of the boy.

The sufferer did not lie in his hammock, as it was hung in the very midst of the crew, and the close air around it was so stifling, that he had been carried under the open hatchway, and laid there in a little open space of about four feet square. From the sound of the ripples, I judged the vessel was in motion, while the clear, calm blue sky, seen through the opening overhead, and dotted with myriads of stars, betokened that the fog had broken away. How calm it smiled down on the wan face of the boy. Occasionly a light current of wind—oh, how deliciously cool in that pent up hold—eddied down the hatchway, and lifted the dark chestnut locks of the sufferer, as with his head reposing on the lap of an old veteran, he lay in an unquiet slumber. His shirt collar was unbuttoned, and his childish bosom, as white as that of a girl, was open and exposed. He breathed quick and heavily. The wound, of which he was dying, had been intensely painful, but within the last half hour had somewhat lulled, though even now his thin fingers lightly grasped the bed clothes, as if he suffered the greatest agony.

A battle-stained and gray-haired seaman stood beside him, holding a dull lantern in his hand and gazing sorrowfully down upon the sufferer. The surgeon knelt with his finger on the boys pulse. As I approached, they all looked up. The veteran who held him shook his head, and would have spoken, but the tears gathered too chokingly in his eyes.

The surgeon said—

'He is going fast—poor little fellow—do you see this!' as he spoke, he lifted up a rich gold locket which had lain upon the boy's breast, 'He has seen better days'

I could not answer, for my heart was full—here was the being to whom a few hours before, I had owed my life—a poor, slight, unprotected child—lying before me, with death already written on his brow—and yet I had never sought him out after the conflict. How bitterly my heart reproached me at that hour. They noticed my agitation, and his old friend—the seaman that held his head, said sadly—

'Poor little Dick—you'll never see the shore you have wished for so long. But there'll be more than one, when your log's out,'—he spoke with emotion—'to mourn over you.'

Suddenly the little fellow opened his eyes, and looked vacantly around.

'Has he come yet?' he asked in a low voice. 'Why don't he come?'

'I am here,' said I, taking the little fellow's hand 'don't you know me, Dick?'

He smiled faintly in my face. He then said—

'You have been kind to me, sir—kinder than most people are to a poor orphan boy. I have no way to show my gratitude—unless you will take the Bible you will find in my trunk. It's a small offering, I know, but it's all I have.'

I burst into tears: he resumed—

'Doctor, I am dying, ain't I?' said the little fellow, 'for my sight grows dim. God bless you, Mr Danforth.'

'Can I do any thing for you, Dick?' said I, 'you saved my life. I would coin my blood to buy yours.'

'I have nothing to ask—I dont want to live—only, if it's possible, let me be buried by my mother—you will find the name of the place, and all about it in my trunk.'

'Anything, everything, my poor lad,' I answered chokingly.

The little fellow smiled faintly—it was like an angel's smile—but he did not answer. His eyes were fixed on the stars flickering in that patch of blue sky overhead.

'It's a long, long ways up there, but there are bright angels among them. Mother used to say that I would meet her there. How near they come, and I see sweet faces smiling on me from among them. Hark! is that music?' and lifting his finger, he seemed listening for a moment. He fell back, and the old veteran burst into tears—the child was dead! Did he indeed hear angel's voices? God grant it. [Nat. Intel.

"How," said Mr. Munsell to Mr. Yates, "do you accomplish so much in so short a time! have you any particular plan?" "I have. When I have any thing particular to do, I go and do it."

Boots and Shoes!

OLD STAND, ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public in general, that having greatly enlarged and improved his store, he is enabled, by the greater facilities afforded him, to keep a large and more extensive stock of FASHIONABLE Boots and Shoes than heretofore.—Having made arrangements with the best manufacturers in this State and New York, he will be constantly supplied with the latest styles and best qualities of Gents, Ladies, Boys, Misses and Children's Boots and Shoes, which will be sold at reasonable prices, and warranted to give satisfaction.

Boots and Shoes made to order at short notice.

THEO. H. BELL, 155 Washington st,
Opposite Old South Church.

aug3

Communion Ware.

THE Subscribers would invite the attention of purchasers to their large assortment of COMMUNION WARE, of English and American manufacture, comprising Silver Plated, Plated on Britannia, and Britannia Metal Flagons, Cups, Bowls, Plates, &c. Any pattern of Silver made to order.

JONES, BALL & POOR,
226 Washington, corner of Summer street,
Sign of the Golden Eagle.

july13

NEW AND IMPORTANT BOOKS now opening by LITTLE & BROWN, 112 Washington street—

Knight's Pictorial History of England. 8 vols, 8vo.
Martineau's 30 Years Peace. vol 2
Half Hours with best Authors, 4 vols.
Knight's Shakspeare, Cabinet ed. 12 vols.
Chambers's Papers for the People, vols 2 and 3.
Chambers's Juvenile Library,—Whisperers, Duty and Affection.
Songs for Children.
Penny Cyclopedia, 16 vols, 8 vo.
Atlas, by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, folio, &c. &c. sept14

BIBLES.

THE Massachusetts Bible Society, at their Depository 15 Cornhill, have for sale and keep constantly on hand Bibles and Testaments of all the varieties published by the American Bible Society.

Also, Oxford and London editions.

Their stock of books in Foreign Languages is extensive embracing the Hebrew, Latin, Greek, Welch, Gaelic, French German, Dutch, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, Danish, Swedish, Polish, Arabic, Syriac, Chinese.

Quarto Bibles of superior quality in plain and rich bindings suitable for the Pulpit.

may25 S. T. FARWELL, Agent.

BUILDING MATERIALS,
448 Washington Street.

THE subscribers offer for sale their large stock at extreme low rates, consisting of

DOORS, BLINDS AND SASHES.

Also,—glass, stair and fence balusters, blind trimmings, windows ready glazed, &c., &c.

Boston May 11 6mo BAILEY & JENKINS.

PHILOSOPHY OF NATURE. General Principles of the Philosophy of Nature, with an outline of some of its recent developments among the Germans, embracing the Philosophical Systems of Schelling and Hegel, and Oken's System of Nature. By J. B. Stallo, A M., lately Professor in St John's College, New York. 12mo, 530 pages, $1.25. Published by

CROSBY & NICHOLS,
sept17 111 Washington street.

WALLACE'S Anti-Trinitarian Biography. Sketches of the Lives and Writings of distinguished Anti-Trinitarians, from the Reformation to the close of the 17th century, by Robert Wallace. 3 vols. 8vo. For sale by

CROSBY & NICHOLS,
Sept14 111 Washington street.

NOTE PAPER. $1 a ream. French Note Paper, a fine article, at $1 a ream. Just received by

CROSBY & NICHOLS,
Sept14 111 Washington street.

SACRED Philosophy of Seasons. Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons, edited by Rev. Dr. Greenwood. 4 vols. Price $2. For sale by

CROSBY & NICHOLS,
sept14 111 Washington street.

QUESTIONS TO WHATELY'S EVIDENCES. Questions for the Aid of those Teaching from Introductory Lessons of Christian Evidence. Price 50c a dozen. This day published by

CROSBY & NICHOLS,
Sept14 111 Washington street.

SABBATH SCHOOL DEPOSITORY,
111 Washington Street.

CROSBY & NICHOLS, have for sale, a large collection of *BOOKS FOR SABBATH SCHOOL* and *JUVENILE LIBRARIES*, to which they invite the attention of all interested in Sabbath Schools.

Books will at any time be sent for examination, with the privilege of returning any that are not desired.

C. & N. publish the following Manuals for Sabbath Schools:

A Manual of Christian Doctrine and Institutions,—with Answers in the Language of Scripture. By Rev. A. D. Fuller.

*** The Publishers have received from Rev. Dr. Francis of Cambridge, Rev. A. P. Peabody of Portsmouth, and Hon. Stephen C. Phillips (President of the Boston Sunday School Society), letters, recommending the Manual in the highest terms.

Lessons on the Parables; by Rev. F. D. Huntington.
A Scripture Catechism of the Christian Religion,—stated in the words of the Bible; by Rev. Ephraim Peabody.
The Gospel Narratives; by Rev. H. A. Miles.
The Ministry of Christ; by Rev. T. B. Fox.
A Manual on the Book of Acts; by Rev. T. B Fox.
The Words of Christ, from the New Testament.
Carter's Questions on the New Testament. Parts I. and II.
The First Book for Sunday Schools.
The Sunday School Hymn and Service Book. By Hon. Stephen C. Phillips.
The Sunday School Singing Book.

Specimens of the above will be sent to any Clergyman or Superintendent who may wish them for examination. may1

VALUABLE BOOKS.

Just published by LITTLE & BROWN, 112 Washington Street:—

RESEARCHES RESPECTING AMERICUS VESPUCius and his Voyages. By Viscount Santarim, Ex-Prime Minister of Portugal, Member of the Institute of France, &c., &c., &c. Translated by E. V. Childe. 12mo. *cloth.*

CAMBRIDGE, May 27th, 1850.

DEAR SIR,—I return your manuscripts, which I have perused with a very lively interest. It is a remarkable specimen of historical criticism, both on account of the vast research of the author, and of his discrimination in weighing testimony. Relating, as it does, entirely to America, it ought to be published in this country.

Very truly yours,
EDWARD V. CHILDE, Esq. JARED SPARKS.

BUCKINGHAM'S SKETCHES. SKETCHES OF Newspaper Literature, with Personal Memoirs, Anecdotes, and Reminiscences. By Joseph T. Buckingham.—2 vols post 8vo. with portraits of Isaiah Thomas and Benj. Russell, and numerous wood cuts.

SLAVERY AMONG THE PURITANS. A LETTER to the Rev. Moses Stuart. 8vo. pp. 42.

THE CHEMICAL TABLES, FOR THE CALCULATION of Quantitative Analyses of H. Rose; re-calculated for the more recent determinations of Atomic Weights, and with other alterations and additions. By William P. Dexter. 8vo.

MR. EVERETT'S ORATIONS. A REVISED EDITION of the volume of Hon. Edward Everett's Orations published in 1836; together with a second volume, comprising the Orations and Addresses since delivered by the same author.

These volumes contain eighty-one distinct productions, and extend over a space of a quarter of a century. 2 vols. royal 8vo, with fine portrait. sept7

Writing, Book-Keeping, and Arithmetic.

COMER'S INITIATORY COUNTING ROOM, No. 139 WASHINGTON STREET, corner of School St., which has been in successful operation for the last eight years is open DAY and EVENING, for practical instruction in all the requisites of a Merchant's Clerk, instead of the mere school-boy theory of the Academies. No Class System. Students aided in procuring suitable employment.

LADIES.—A separate apartment, with separate entrance, has been provided for Females.

BOOKS POSTED, &c. Complicated Accounts adjusted, Copying, &c., promptly and faithfully executed

BOOK KEEPING by Double Entry *without the Journal*, by G. N. COMER, Accountant, Boston, (Fifth Edition,) price 62 cents. Blank Books, 30 cents per set—for sale as above. A liberal allowance to Teachers.

COMER'S NAUTICAL INSTITUTE.

NAVIGATION in all its branches, taught in the most thorough manner—Lunars, Great Circle Sailing, Sumner's Method, &c. &c. The best Instruments Charts, &c., are provided, and explained. The Establishment is under the *direct patronage* of the Marine Insurance Offices and the merchant ship owners of Boston.

For Cards of Terms, &c., call at 139 *Washington Street*.

Sept. 1.

CHURCH ORGANS.

HAVING every facility for manufacturing and purchasing to the best advantage, with experienced and skilful workmen, in all branches of the business, together with a factory, which for size and adaptation to the business, is unequalled in New England, we can furnish organs with from *four to sixty stops*, at the shortest notice, and at the lowest prices possible, for *truly first rate instruments*.

The following well known organs are among the many from this manufactory, viz.

Salem Street Church, Boston, Rev. Dr. Edward Beecher with 40 stops.
E. Street Baptist Church, Washington, D. C., Rev. Mr. Sampson.
Congregational Church, Bath, Rev. Ray Palmer, with 28 stops.
Congregational Church in St. Johnsbury, Vt., with 27 stops.
Unitarian Church, Salem, Mass., Rev. Mr. Frothingham, with 2 stops.
Unitarian Church, Brookline, Mass., Rev Mr. Knapp, with 24 stops.
Baptist Church, Cleaveland, Ohio, with 28 stops.
St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, Rev. Mr. Newton, with 49 stops.
Second Baptist Church, St. Louis, Missouri, with 34 stops.
Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., Rev. H. W. Be